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HOME RULE IN BELFAST.

THE Belfast riots afford a melancholy illustration of the policy of governing by the apparently easy method of leaving disorder to cure itself. The Parliamentary Processions Act was passed some years ago for the legitimate purpose of preventing hostile factions from provoking one another to breaches of the peace. It is the delight of Irish mobs to cultivate hereditary animosities against those who differ from them with respect to the prejudices and passions which they mistake for politics and religion. The assertion of the principles in which they suppose themselves to believe is comparatively unattractive unless a profession of faith serves the collateral purpose of an insult and a challenge. It has long been the custom for the Orangemen of the North to celebrate the anniversaries of the closing of the gates of Derry and of the Battle of the Boyne for the purpose of reminding their Roman Catholic neighbours that the lapse of two centuries has not diminished their readiness to resume the contests which followed after the English Revolution. The opposite faction is neither more reasonable nor more pacific, and it enjoys the advantage of combining disaffection to the Crown with hatred of heretics. A few drums and fifes, and a cluster of green or orange flags, seldom fail to produce a conflict which often leads to the destruction of human life. Party processions serve no legitimate object; and there are only two ways in which they can be rationally dealt with. The simplest course is to prohibit them by law, and to suppress them by force; but if they are tolerated, they ought, according to the American practice, to be protected by the whole force of the Government. A year ago the Mayor of New York, who happened to be an Irish Fenian, caused extreme indignation by prohibiting an insignificant Orange procession. The Governor of the State was compelled by public opinion to repeal the order of the Mayor; and the result was a riot in which several Ribbonmen were, little to the regret of respectable citizens, killed by the police and the soldiery. On the next anniversary a handful of Orangemen walked in procession without incurring any molestation from their enemies, because it was known that the troops and police were ready for the summary repression of any disturbance that might have been attempted. The Parliamentary Processions Act was honestly intended to put an end to a social nuisance which was not unattended with political danger; but in practice it was not administered with perfect impartiality; and sometimes seditious meetings of the Fenian type were tolerated, while the periodical and ceremonial observances of the Orangemen were rigorously suppressed.

The just discontent of the Northern Protestants not unnaturally tempted some of them to violations of the law. Fenians and Ribbonmen had been allowed to parade with banners and music under the pretext of visiting the tomb of O'CONNELL, or of doing honour to the memory of the Manchester murderers, and it seemed hard that an historical and symbolical commemoration of the triumphs of the partisans of England should be subjected to exceptional penalties. Some of the leaders of the disaffected Catholics displayed considerable political adroitness by joining in the demand for a repeal of the Act which had become especially distasteful to their Orange adversaries. Hopes had been entertained that the disestablishment of the Irish Church would induce the Protestants to combine, as in the days of the United Irishmen, with their bitterest enemies in hostility to the Imperial Government; and the removal of any kind of security against disorder is regarded by turbulent patriots as a gain. To the Ministers it probably appeared that the withdrawal of protection which was disclaimed as superfluous would be an easy and unobjectionable mode of acquiring popularity. The

peaceable community in Ireland is accustomed to be left out of consideration in the conflict of pugnacious factions; and accordingly, with the general consent of Irish members, Lord HARTINGTON proposed and carried the repeal of the Processions Act, and one or two peers of Orange tendencies congratulated the House of Lords on adopting a measure of political justice and equality. The immediate consequence has been a scandalous street fight lasting for several days in the second town in Ireland. The Orangemen had marched in procession without interference on the 12th of July and on the 12th of August; but when the Roman Catholics and the Fenians organized a similar parade on one of the festivals of the Church, the lower Orange rabble, with or without provocation, attacked them. Since that time a petty civil war has raged between the contending parties, with short intervals of common action against the guardians of order. In the subsequent conflict the origin of the disturbance has probably been forgotten. If the green flags were carried through the quarters of the town which are inhabited by Orangemen, the Roman Catholics must be considered as having provoked the conflict; but it is equally probable that the Protestant rabble may have been the first to defy their adversaries. In such cases it is almost impossible to ascertain the truth; and the main responsibility rests on the authorities, and especially on the Legislature which directly encouraged a mischievous and dangerous practice. There is little satisfaction in the practical refutation of the idle fancy that Protestants and Catholics were inclined to coalesce against the English Government. The few Protestants who take part in the agitation for Home Rule are themselves almost avowedly the dependents and instruments of the priests. It is due to the Roman Catholic clergy in the North to admit that some of them discouraged the Fenian processions, although they must have been reasonably irritated by the Orange celebrations. There can be little doubt that in the next Session Parliament will re-enact the prohibition against party processions. The decorous hypocrisy which affects regret for the pacification of Westmeath under a mild Coercion Act will probably long find expression in Ministerial speeches; but without the sphere of official fiction it is not doubted that the primary want of Ireland is the stern and uniform enforcement of peace and order. The object would not be more easily attained by separation from England, whether under the name of Home Rule or in the form of a Fenian Republic. Englishmen would, after as before the dismemberment of the Empire, feel bound to protect the Orangemen with all their faults against extermination; and the Roman Catholics of the better classes, with a portion of the clergy, are entirely opposed to the experiment of a democracy in which Ultramontane and Jacobin doctrines would contend, perhaps in a bloody struggle, for supremacy.

The conditions of Home Rule are defined, with the unconscious logic which is sometimes found to be combined with violent ignorance, in an amusing pamphlet lately published by a Mr. REARDEN, who once combined the functions of an ultrapatriotic Irish member with the more profitable occupations of a London tradesman. His imaginary sketch of Irish institutions under a Federal monarchy resembles a didactic nursery tale of a former generation, in which the advantages of parental discipline were illustrated by the adventures of a family of children who had been allowed to govern themselves for a day. It was of course easy for the moral essayist to show that the infant Home-rulers would incur abundant misadventures, that they would make themselves ill by eating sweetmeats, and that they would tumble successively into the water and the fire. The foreseen conclusion was the beneficent resumption of the reins of autho-

city with the approval of the temporary rebels who had experienced the inconveniences of Home Rule or anarchy. Mr. REARDEN is still more extravagant in his involuntary caricature of Irish independence. The more plausible professors of Home Rule, as represented by Mr. BURR, condescend to recognize the authority of the Crown, and even the share of an Irish House of Lords in legislation; and it is always assumed that the Federal or Imperial Government is to control the armed forces of the Empire. Mr. REARDEN, like the alarming child of proverbial notoriety, blurts out the more genuine hopes of the Fenians under the mask of the Home Rule agitator. Every electoral district in Ireland is simultaneously to elect a peer and a member of the House of Commons; so that the two branches of the Legislature will be identical in character and origin. The Viceroy, who might have been supposed to be the representative of the Crown, is also to be elected by universal suffrage; and it is inferred with much probability that the new dignitary will not attempt to prevent seditious meetings in the Phoenix Park. The Ministers are to be elected by the two Houses of Parliament; and notwithstanding the utter annihilation of the prerogative, the Sovereign is to be compelled to reside for a quarter of every year in the perfectly independent Republic of Ireland. The whole population, including the Orangemen and Roman Catholics of Belfast, is to be armed and organized as a National Guard, and from its ranks an Irish Federal army, which is to be exclusively Irish and in no sense Federal, is to be raised by voluntary enlistment. The valour of the Irish Federal army will be sufficiently guaranteed by the military exploits of its ancestors, "from the hour when the Septs of 'Dathi routed the Roman legions in Gaul.'" It is not recorded whether the Septs of Dathi anticipated Mr. REARDEN's scheme of military organization by allowing the privates to elect all officers up to the rank of captain. Candidates for commissions in the Irish Federal navy, which in the time of the victorious Septs probably consisted of coracles, are "to be nominated by a previous vote of the crews." It has been thought by less thoroughgoing legislators that universal suffrage ought to be exceptionally excluded from men-of-war. If separation is not conceded for the purpose of establishing Mr. REARDEN's model Constitution, it is unnecessary to dwell on the terrible alternative which awaits the English tyrants. No dull Saxon would ever guess the special grievance which appears to have roused Mr. REARDEN to demand independence. A large part of his pamphlet is devoted to a demonstration that the Irish Land Act of 1870 is a plagiarism from a forgotten Bill once introduced by Mr. REARDEN himself. A mere Englishman might suppose that it was rather a merit than a crime in a Government to pass a measure which its professed author probably regards as just and useful; but an Irish patriot who believes at the same time in the efficacy of universal suffrage, and in the authority of "the Great Archbishop of the West," has no hesitation in using as an argument against the Imperial Parliament the beneficent character of its legislation. The Great Archbishop is not the only bugbear at which English usurpers must tremble. Mr. REARDEN announces the grave intelligence that Prince BISMARCK has taken lodgings in the Isle of Wight for the purpose of studying the weak points of the defences of England, and more especially the opportunities of an invasion of Ireland. It had been thought that Irishmen of Mr. REARDEN's stamp professed bitter hatred to Germany; but even BISMARCK will be welcome if he appears as a liberator. Nonsense, though it soon becomes tedious, is sometimes instructive, when it is a mere exaggeration of plausible delusions. There are not many Irish members silly enough to have written Mr. REARDEN's pamphlet, but it may be doubted whether any of them can propound a less absurd illustration of the objects of Home Rule.

RUSSIA.

THAT one consequence of the war between France and Germany would be to increase the power and influence of Russia was obvious enough, and was soon brought home to us by the ease with which Prince GORTCHAKOFF's bold attempt to undo the results of the Crimean war proved successful. There is no question at the present moment of Russia playing again so great a game; peace is the order of the day. But Russia has the opportunity of deciding in a great measure what the character of this reign of peace shall be. The Czar is going to take part in the Imperial Congress, and the whole of the Continent seems occupied in speculating on the motives by which he has been induced to go to Berlin, and on the

policy which he will favour when he gets there. The German papers have naturally put on his coming the interpretation most in accordance with German wishes. They regard the meeting of the EMPERORS as a protest against the rising spirit of French ambition, and as a very significant warning that a war of revenge is not to be tolerated. The French in their hour of depression after the signature of peace boasted freely enough that before long they would be sure to have a great ally, and that Russia and France would humble the pride of Germany. The first overt act of Russia since that time has been to take part in a friendly meeting with the German Powers, and this has presented itself to the German mind as a signal confutation of the expectations of their enemies, and as a sign that Russia finds it more worth her while to be the ally of the conquerors than of the conquered. It is impossible to doubt that the Czar wishes to discourage any hopes which France may entertain of being able to renew the war soon with Russia at her back. But, on the other hand, it is not at all consistent with Russian policy to let it be supposed that she is afraid of Germany, or willing to abandon the great advantages which she reaps from both France and Germany desiring to court her. Accordingly Prince ORLOFF has been directed to inform M. THIERS that Russia is not going to take part in the Congress in any spirit of hostility to France. Russia stands perfectly neutral, and does not either help or thwart Germany in its relations with France, and the attention of the Czar will be given at Berlin to matters which have nothing to do with a French war of revenge. Nominally this is, no doubt, true. Neither Germany nor Austria would allow that France is to be in any way attacked, or insulted, or damaged by anything which the Congress may decide on. But when we come to examine the questions which it is generally recognized that the Congress purposes to discuss, it is impossible not to see that the action of the Congress, if its conference results in action, must be more or less adverse to France. The three matters which the EMPERORS are principally to discuss are the position of the conferring Powers towards Ultramontanism, their position towards the International and the different forms of ultra-Democracy, and their position towards Turkey and the Slavonic populations of Eastern Europe. France is regarded, rightly or wrongly, as the only secular stay of Ultramontanism. However much the present French Government may detest the Commune, still France is the hot-bed of Red Republicanism; and, again, to settle Slavonic and Turkish questions without the assistance of France is to exclude her from a political field in which for more than a quarter of a century she has loved to dominate. It may be quite true, then, that Russia attends the Congress with a friendly feeling to France, and that Germany will be left to take its own precautions against a war of revenge; and yet it may be equally true that every step taken in the Congress will silently mark the decay of French influence and power. The wiser kind of Frenchmen seem to recognize this, and to draw from it the only lesson of consolation that can be extracted from it. They say that it is not the business of France now to think of Russian or other alliances, or to be touchy and sensitive about the decay of French influence in remote countries. France must bide its time, attend to its own affairs, get clear of its connexion with Ultramontanism, show that it can support a respectable Government against the attacks of Democratic fanatics, and let Turkey and Austria get on as well as they can in face of Russia. Time will reward this prudent patience, and the day will come when France will again be courted, instead of being ignored or slighted.

It is curious to find that the Russians themselves are quite as much in the dark, and are quite as much divided in opinion as to the proper policy for Russia to advocate at the Congress, as outsiders can be. The conflicting views of Russian editors may be seen in two extracts lately published in the *Morning Post*. The *Golos* proclaims that Russia will not again allow herself to be made a political beadle, and that the dangers of a reaction like that of 1848-9 are out of the question. Russia remembers only too well how she has been repaid by the Governments which were defeated in the struggle with their subjects. France, too, will now see that she cannot reckon on an alliance with Russia against Germany, and this will strengthen the general confidence in the maintenance of peace. The reports of a quarrel between Russia and Germany on account of the treatment of the Baltic provinces will be silenced, at least for a time, while the renewal of friendly relations between Russia and Austria will serve to give satisfaction to the Slavonic subjects of Austria, and the dreams of the Poles will lose their last basis of possible success. The Eastern question will be satisfactorily adjusted, especially in respect to the last change

of Ministry in Turkey, which the editor of the *Goloss* in his omniscience confidently asserts to have been the work of England and France. Russia has now convinced Turkey that she has no other object in interfering in Turkish affairs than to protect her co-religionists against Mussulman fanaticism. When the relations of Germany and Austria to Ultramontanism come to be discussed, Russia can be of the greatest use, for she has done what her neighbours are only trying to do, and has succeeded in removing all Papal influence from her own territory, so that she will hold the office of a wise instructress teaching willing disciples; and Russia may even, according to the *Goloss*, take a useful part in deciding how the next Pope is to be elected. Russia has much less to fear from the International than Germany and Austria, but still she will be quite ready to show herself a good friend, and will aid cheerfully in trying to crush that dangerous society. In short, the presence of the CZAR at the Congress is a symbol and guarantee of universal peace, whereas a mere meeting of the Emperors of GERMANY and AUSTRIA might have seemed likely to lead to aggression and disturbance. Very different are the sentiments of the editor of the *Exchange Gazette*. He thinks that the part taken by the CZAR in the Congress is a complete mistake. Russia should hold herself aloof, and make her real importance keenly felt by all parties. Austria is in great difficulties, and is worried out of her life by the proceedings of her discontented Slavonians. Prussia is even worse off; humiliated France haunts her like a ghost, and the machinery of the Jesuits is being set in play for her destruction. If Germany and Austria want the alliance of Russia, they must be made to pay for it. Russia is of course to be bought at a price, and the editor of the *Exchange Gazette* thinks that if Austria gave up the Ruthenian districts of Galicia and Hungary, and if Prussia gave up her territory on the right bank of the Memel, the CZAR might wisely listen to the overtures of his neighbours. It is not to be supposed that either of the advocates of these divergent views knows much about the policy of his Government, or affects it in an appreciable degree. But the tone in which they both write deserves notice. Both are really inspired by the same conviction that Russia is the real arbitress of European politics, although the one thinks that Russia has most to gain by peace and friendship, and the other thinks she has most to gain by maintaining an attitude of sullen reserve until her alliance is bought at its proper price.

As to the International, it is not easy to see how the Congress or Russia can do much to thwart it beyond what each Government, according to its strength, can do for itself. Governments like those of Russia, Austria, and Prussia can act with exactly the amount of rigour against offenders that the habits and opinions of their subjects will tolerate, and in the present state of things the leaders of the International are not likely openly to defy very hostile authorities in such countries. But the strength of the International is the strength of opinion and feeling, and if the principles of the association gain real ground in Europe, society will inevitably in one way or another feel the effect. The International represents two different currents of thought. It represents the current of thought of lawless, ignorant, violent, and desperate men, who hate everything on which the present framework of society reposes, and wish to build up they know not what on the embers of a general conflagration. But it also represents to many minds that current of thought which is known as cosmopolitanism—the belief or fancy that all those who have not drawn the great prizes of life are bound together by a common brotherhood, possessing interests for its members far more intimate than the dividing interests of nationality or national ambition. It is in this respect that ultra-democracy has a likeness and kinship to Ultramontanism. But then there is this great difference between the two, that Ultramontanism is an established power, with possessions of its own, with recognized agents courted in high places, with a considerable historical prestige, and with claims more or less recognized by law. Governments therefore can do something against Ultramontanism. They can deprive it of its material resources. They can take away its property, banish its champions, prohibit its teaching, alter the laws under which it is sheltered. The only question is, how far they can do this wisely and profitably, and this must vary according to varying circumstances. There is something grotesque in the notion of Russia, which “removed Papal influence out of its territory” by sheer persecution, offering to teach this secret to Austria, a country four-fifths of whose inhabitants are Roman Catholics. All that Russia can do at the Congress is to engage not to thwart Germany and Austria by fermenting those Ultramontane intrigues in which the Court of Rome

loves to see Russian assistance. There is also very little for Russia to do or to get at the Congress in regard to the Eastern question. Emperors are people far too well informed to believe in a new Turkish Ministry being the creation of a subtle and vexatious English diplomacy. If the CZAR went to Berlin and never said or heard a word about Turkey, he would, by the mere fact of his going, have done almost as much as he could do. His meeting with his brother EMPERORS is a sufficient proclamation to Russian agents and Russian sympathizers that they are to keep quiet for a time; and in the present day it is only what is immediately before us that is looked to, for no political combination is expected to last for ever.

MR. MORLEY'S NEW POLITICAL PARTY.

THE new political party which Mr. S. MORLEY has lately attempted to organize is a device as old as political faction. In Athens, in Rome, and in the more prosaic communities of modern times, moneyed demagogues have found their account in subsidizing the ringleaders of mobs. The purchase of political influence has been most thoroughly elaborated into a system of corruption in the United States. Votes are there too numerous, and therefore too cheap, to be the subjects of purchase and sale; but ambitious candidates for office with plenty of money pay the expenses of meetings, of committees, and of elections, receiving in exchange a recognized claim to office, unless they are contented with a reputation for liberality and with a consequent share in the direction of the party. Mr. MORLEY deserves a certain kind of credit for the almost original project of elevating himself to the rank of a little Dissenting CRASSUS. His wealth, which is supposed to be considerable, must seem fabulous to the hungry demagogues whom he assembles at revolutionary tea-parties; and some of them probably regard him like the prize ox to which BURKE compared the Duke of BEDFORD, with the joints marked out ready for carving, as he unconsciously walked in the midst of his Jacobin associates. The citizens with foreign names who, having left their own countries for their countries' good, are kind enough to undertake the reform of English institutions, have the good sense not to point to warehouses in Wood Street, or to appetizing investments, when they applaud Mr. MORLEY's projects for letting out waste land to Co-operative Associations. A suspicion that all kinds of property hang more or less together may perhaps account for Mr. MORLEY's omission to invite the managers of the Land and Labour Association; yet it mattered little whether the London Communists who constitute one club under many names were convoked by one appellation or another. The Committee which is to propose to the different revolutionary bodies a hollow alliance with the Dissenting Radicals includes Mr. ODGER and Mr. GALBRAITH, “Citizen LE LUBEZ of the BRADLAUGH Republicans,” and “Citizen ECCARIUS of the International.” Mr. MORLEY will probably have the pleasure of contributing to the funds of the Society which murdered the Paris hostages, and of the Club which proposes to confiscate all landed property and to abolish the National Debt. The wildest promoters of anarchy will not unwillingly concur in that union of the Liberal party which is to be promoted at Mr. MORLEY's expense, probably without the smallest regard to any opinions which Mr. MORLEY may profess or suppose himself to hold.

It is not worth while to inquire whether Mr. MORLEY's project has or has not been adopted for the present by his heterogeneous allies. Mr. MIALI, who belongs to the same political section with Mr. MORLEY, attempted some time ago to associate with himself the professed enemies of all religion in the attack on the Establishment which he sometimes represents as a measure intended for the benefit of religion; but the revolutionary Clubs are not familiar with Nonconformist prejudices or phrases, and the Church is only one among many institutions which they regard with indiscriminate hostility. Mr. MORLEY's proposal to pay the expenses of agitation was more attractive, and economists who habitually regard labour and capital as necessarily antagonistic must be delighted to find a capitalist who is willing to furnish the means of destroying the securities of property. It was not too great a concession on the part of the Jacobins in the first instance to adopt the platitudes and fallacies of a political programme which expresses the spirit of middle-class Radicalism. The extension of the suffrage and the establishment of equal electoral districts cannot but be acceptable to Republicans and Socialists, although such measures form but an infinitesimal portion of their demands. The ingrained habit of unmeaning cant is illustrated in a proposal for vote by

Ballot, as if it had not been already adopted by a reluctant and insincere Legislature. The abolition of property or rating qualifications for parochial and municipal office, and of landed qualification for the office of justice of the peace, would gratify Mr. MORLEY's associates, inasmuch as it would more completely dissociate taxation and representation, and as it would place the administration of justice in less competent hands. The proposal that the State shall let waste lands, to be acquired for the purpose, to Co-operative Associations and small cultivators, and that it shall also lend them money to farm with, is probably intended as a compromise of the bolder projects of the Clubs. Compulsory education and the transfer of licensing power to the inhabitants, which is equivalent to the Permissive Bill, savour of the school to which Mr. MORLEY belongs. The purchase of railways by the State, and the substitution of nine hours labour for ten hours in the Factory Acts, are probably intended to conciliate workmen. The proposal that the Government shall compile a code of International Law, and procure the establishment of an International Tribunal, may be considered as a decorative and unmeaning flourish.

On the whole, Mr. MORLEY's bid for popularity and power is by some degrees less absurd than the scheme by which a predecessor obtained a temporary notoriety twelve months ago. The new list of commonplaces is not enlivened by any proposal for providing the population of great towns with houses and gardens in the country; and it would be inconsistent with Mr. MORLEY's objects as well as with his principles to attach to a project of revolution the names of Conservative noblemen and gentlemen. It probably appears to the author of the document which was adopted by Citizen LE LUBEZ and the rest, an adroit achievement to have induced a body of working-class demagogues to approve of a readjustment of the Income-tax for the benefit of traders at the expense of owners of property. The abolition of Schedule D would in itself amply remunerate those who might benefit by exemption from their due share of fiscal burdens for large contributions to the expenses of political agitation. The clamour against equal taxation, which was always unreasonable, becomes little less than impudent at a time when traders are realizing unprecedented profits, while the owners of fixed incomes find their revenues constantly diminishing in value through the increase in the cost of labour and of all commodities. By the citizens native or foreign who attend Mr. MORLEY's political receptions, the incidence of the Income-tax is regarded with profound indifference. The enlightened artisan takes good care not to return his income for taxation, although the clerk, and the curate, and the widow with a small annuity are compelled to pay a portion of his share in the tax as well as the whole of their own.

It is yet uncertain whether the form of corruption which prevails in America will take root in England in consequence of the establishment of secret voting and of a widely extended suffrage. The experience of exchanging money for power will be repeated again and again in a wealthy community in which political success has long been conducive to social eminence. The payment of election expenses or of the cost of preliminary agitation is as coarse a mode of bribery as the purchase of votes, but it has the advantage of being beyond the reach of the law. It will probably be necessary to submit to the exercise of pecuniary influence, and it is satisfactory to know that there will be rich men on all sides ready to bid against one another. If humble advocates of the public interest were likely to obtain a hearing from moneyed demagogues, they might perhaps venture to stipulate that by an honourable understanding purchasers should confine their expenditure to the propagation of their own political opinions. If a Radical can really buy up a Socialist Club, he performs a service to society; but he must be judged more severely when, not content with spending his money, he throws his own convictions into the bargain. It is possible that such negotiations as those which have resulted, or have not resulted, in the creation of the new political party, may remind the members of old political parties that the differences by which they are divided among themselves are insignificant in comparison with the chasm which separates a supporter of the English Constitution from a Citizen of the International, or of the Land and Labour League. The union of the whole Liberal party means an unprincipled coalition for the purposes of party ambition between the professed defenders of property and order and the promoters of universal spoliation and anarchy. It is a question of little interest whether Mr. MORLEY shares the opinions of Citizen ECCARIUS; but it is important that an ally of Communist Citizens should not be recognized as a member of the Liberal party. Even in the worst days of the Lower Em-

pire Byzantine politicians were thought to exceed the license of faction when they invited the assistance of the barbarians. Mr. H. GRENFELL, who is really a member of the Liberal party, has addressed to Mr. MORLEY a letter in which he justly acquits his correspondent of the charge that he is laying a trap for the leaders of the working-men, who are, on the contrary, laying a trap for Mr. MORLEY, with or without his connivance. Other Liberals will perhaps have the courage to maintain, with Mr. GRENFELL, that "mere impudence, a strong voice, or the power of flattering electors, should not be the only road to St. Stephen's." A member who has bought his way into the House will be preferable to a demagogue with a loud voice; but perhaps it is desirable that there should be some further variety of qualification. Mr. GRENFELL's criticisms on the various proposals of Mr. MORLEY and his Club delegates are forcible and just; but it is almost a waste of labour to prove that it is impossible to satisfy at the same time the ODGERS and BRADLAUGHS, and the party which has hitherto been called Liberal. Among the open questions on which the members of the coalition were probably unable to agree, are the maintenance of the Monarchy and the existence of landed property.

THE JAPANESE EMBASSY.

THE Japanese have come here at a time convenient enough for newspaper editors in search of materials, but not in itself very exciting or very illustrative of the gaiety or grandeur of London. They are said to be men of high importance in their own country, and one of them is going to stay here as an Envoy to the QUEEN. They are, however, but the humble precursors of a greater arrival. The MIKADO himself is said to be meditating a tour round the world, and a visit to Europe and America. But he is a wise man, and has learnt that the pleasure of being fêted and entertained in civilized nations is not without alloy, and that in some civilized countries the nuisance of the process rises to the height of perfect torture. His Ministers have been in the United States, and have been lionized there, and they must have told him all that they endured. Of England they will be able, we trust, to send very favourable reports. Anything quieter than London at the end of August it would be hard to find in the territories of civilized man. But they have doubtless learnt at New York that London is nothing to Paris, and that life at Paris is almost all pleasure, and that neither business nor parade there vexes the souls of men. Accordingly the MIKADO thinks he had better reverse the course taken in their inexperience by his Ministers. His notion is that he had better begin with Paris, and when he is a little braced up for the encounter with civilized life by the French capital, he will come on to London. We hope he will not expect too much here when he does come. In real life he will be allowed to spend a very great deal of money for very indifferent accommodation at an hotel, he will be shown round the Victoria Station, and the Lord Mayor will ask him to dinner, and give him the freedom of the City in a snuff-box. Few personages of his station have to complain of being too much noticed here, unless indeed something could be done for him at once grand and cheap, and a beautiful ball could be managed and the cost thrown on the revenues of Ceylon or Singapore. He will take the Americans last, and he will have the thoughts of home to support him while he goes through receptions, and "ovations," and interviews. No doubt, under the most disadvantageous circumstances he will see much that is worth seeing, as his Ministers are doing, even at this time of the year, in England. They have dined with Lord GRANVILLE, and been to see the Brighton Aquarium, and Lord GRANVILLE and the Aquarium are both types in their way of high civilization. But nothing that they see can be so wonderful to them as the fact that they are here. They are the representatives, and many of them have been among the chief agents, of a recent revolution which has altered the whole character of the Japanese Government. A monarchy guided by councillors determined on cultivating the most friendly relations with foreigners suddenly replaced an ancient feudal aristocracy the policy of which was based on the total exclusion of foreigners from the country. As the new Government wishes to benefit by all that foreigners have to teach the Japanese, and makes it its great aim to borrow from Europe and America all that it finds superior in arts and knowledge, it is not very strange that it should have sent an Embassy to Washington and London. What is extraordinary is that the Embassy should be composed of men so well prepared to study and

comprehend a different form of life as is said to be the case with the Ministers now in this country, and still more that they should not be wanted at home, and that their country after such a sudden change should be in a state of quiet so profound that its new Sovereign can think of leaving it and of going off to the other end of the world.

Speculation has a free field before it when an attempt is made to guess what will be the ultimate fruits of the opening up of Japan to the outer world. No country stands to us in the same position. Japan is so much more manageable than China; it is so much more full of life a little akin to our own; its people have so much industry, energy, and ability. The SULTAN and the Viceroy of EGYPT have been here just as the MIKADO is said to be coming; but the Turks and Egyptians are not like the Japanese. The Turks pay taxes, and the SULTAN buys ships and rifles with them, or rather with the loans which the taxes are supposed to cover. The VICEROY is a wonderful man. He is the one man who cares for a sort of civilization among a people totally indifferent to it. He has gigantic ideas, and orders machinery and cannon with a noble prodigality. But the Turks and the Egyptians go on as before. In Japan it is the people, not the Government, we have to think of. They will learn of us, will buy of us, will sell to us, will copy us, will perhaps some day teach us. Some of the consequences are not very doubtful. In the first place, they can scarcely fail to borrow from us the painful art, now the foremost in the Christian and civilized world, of preparing for war at an enormous cost. They have no choice. It is said that German officers have already been engaged to drill their troops after the pattern of the conquerors of Sedan, and they must afford themselves the luxury of Armstrong guns and ironclads. For the preservation of order, and to prevent the presence of lawless foreigners overawing the native authorities, they must have an army, and they must have it armed after the most approved type. This, again, will increase the strength of the central power in Japan, and political consequences are sure to flow from material changes. Then Japan will form in all likelihood an outlet to English trade and English capital in an increasing degree every year. Japan has already got its footing in the London market, and has a loan quoted on the Stock Exchange. It probably will borrow a great deal more. It will have railways and telegraphs, and it will work its mines, and it will institute banks and every civilized financial invention. The Americans will compete, of course, and will perhaps do as brisk a trade with Japan as we shall. But there will be for some time trade enough for both of us, and England has much more capital to send out to Japan than America has. But the end of all this may not be as the beginning, and we may discover that in Japan we have found or created a rival. A large iron ship is said to have been lately built in China by native Chinamen under the superintendence of only four Europeans. If a ship can be made, other articles now peculiarly the product of the civilized world may be made too; and if such articles can be made in China, they can be made equally easily, and what is of great importance, disposed of much more readily in Japan; for China will probably remain long out of that groove of foreign trade into which Japan is eagerly throwing itself. If Japan had capital and skill, with its cheap labour, its frugal and industrious people, and its greatly superior power of meeting the wishes and tastes of Orientals, it might vie with us in, or even beat us out of, our Eastern market. Perhaps it may seem a wild fancy, but it is one not wholly undeserving of attention, that the great gainers by the trade of Japan in the civilized world will not be Englishmen or Americans, but Germans. What Germans want in order to be the masters of a commercial position is simply security. They cannot, like Englishmen or Americans, make money while their lives are in danger. But they are longing to find a foothold in the East, where their patience and penuriousness, and their grasp of affairs at once great and small, may tell; and if Japan can give them the shelter of a decent Government, they may prove very dangerous competitors in the Japanese trade.

Some intellectual and moral and spiritual improvement must accrue to Japan from intercourse with the outer world, although it is impossible, except in the most shadowy way, to anticipate its amount or character. In order to rival the mechanicians and engineers of the civilized world, they must not only have the same practical experience, but the same knowledge of the exact sciences. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that they would find any difficulty in acquiring such a knowledge, but it must be a work of time, and the instruments and methods of this knowledge must

for many years come to them from abroad. A fair sprinkling of the Japanese will also learn English, and perhaps German, for the purposes of trade, and will thus acquire all the benefits that attend an imperfect knowledge of another language. The literature of the civilized world will some day permeate in a faint degree the Japanese mind, although the degree in which the literature of an alien civilization affects the minds of men, is curiously small, as is visible every day in India even in the case of the cleverest young Baboos, who know all about SHAKESPEARE, and can analyse his character, and quote his plays, and yet give Englishmen the impression that their notion of SHAKESPEARE, so far as they are not using mere clever verbiage, is quite distinct from ours. The great importance of the English and American trade at first will probably give English literature a predominance in Japan, if European literature has any hold there at all. But at present the Germans are before us, and a traveller recently stated that in a Japanese seaport, while in nine shops he could buy German books, he could only buy English books in one. Some religious changes will also probably follow on commercial intercourse. Christianity is now completely tolerated in Japan, and an edict has been issued forbidding altogether the use in devotional rites of obscene emblems, which is at least a concession to that sort of right feeling which urges propriety when it is obvious that dirty linen can no longer be washed at home. It is even said that the MIKADO could without any difficulty declare Christianity the national religion, and perhaps may do so; and that the Japanese indifference to religion is great enough to ensure that a large number of his subjects, and perhaps the majority, would call themselves whatever he wished. It is difficult to see that such a mere outward change is much to be wished for, and if there were nothing else to hinder it, a serious obstacle would be interposed when the MIKADO found that in favouring one denomination of Christians he would offend others, and that a political movement to conciliate foreigners might end in stirring up a bitterness among them which would extend to his own people.

FRANCE.

THE expectation of a peaceful autumn in France will not be disappointed if M. GAMBETTA can help it. For some time back his tempestuous energy has been more and more under restraint, and he now declares himself opposed to any agitation for the immediate dissolution of the Assembly. To outsiders the reasons in favour of this course seem so overwhelming that there is no merit in taking it. But before judging M. GAMBETTA by this standard two things have to be remembered. One is that conclusions equally self-evident have again and again been rejected or passed over by the Republican party. To wait till the pear is ripe before picking it may not be a conspicuous exercise of self-control, but it is an improvement upon the hitherto invariable custom of stripping the tree as soon as the fruit makes its appearance. The other is that M. GAMBETTA has been denounced by his enemies as a revolutionist of the worst type, a Communist without the honesty to declare himself. If there were any truth in this view he would spend the recess in making inflammatory speeches against the Assembly. By so doing he would inflict more damage on the cause of the moderate Republic than by any other that is open to him. The Republic that is being set up under the guidance of M. THIERS is essentially orderly and conservative. If it could be deprived of this character in the eyes of Frenchmen its remarkable popularity would be gone, and the country would once more be prepared to acquiesce in some kind of Monarchical reaction. This would give the extreme Republicans precisely the opportunity they want. The great body of the nation would again be alienated from politics, and power would again be a prize for any reckless faction to clutch at. By keeping silent as regards the dissolution of the Assembly, M. GAMBETTA is helping to prove that a Republic can give French Conservatives the material and social security which they demand of a Government. But a Republic which creates this conviction in minds so narrow and so keen-sighted must have a genuinely conservative character about it. By lending himself to the consolidation of such a system M. GAMBETTA gives good evidence of the falsity of the accusations levelled against him by the Right. Against its own will the existing Assembly is helping to found the Republic. More than any other body it has the power of doing this without exciting alarm or opposition in the country. But the Republic thus formed will be of a sort which in the eyes of a revolutionist will be as bad as any Monarchy.

The Left Centre have hit upon a novel device for relieving the dullness of the Parliamentary vacation. They have made arrangements under which any newspaper that desires it may receive a daily circular containing "appreciations" and "indications" of the line of conduct pursued by the Conservative Republicans. Their object in adopting this plan is probably of an economical character. They wish to save the expense of subsidizing a journal of their own. So long as matter is as scarce as it is at this season, these "appreciations" and "indications" will probably be received with gratitude. As soon as the Assembly meets again, the public will once more be left to learn the course of the Left Centre from the action of its members in the Chamber. In announcing the issue of this bulletin of its own political state, the Committee of the Left Centre make some observations of a more sensible character than might have been expected from the occasion which calls them forth. Eighteen months ago, they say, we despaired of seeing France survive her misfortunes. To-day we see her with the burden of a foreign occupation almost lifted from her shoulders and her old place in the world brought once more within her reach. Making allowance for much natural exaggeration, this is not an unfair account of the change that has come over the country. The burdens under which France still labours are so serious that we are tempted to forget that the burdens which weighed on her in the spring of 1871 were more serious still. It may be a fallacy to argue from the fact of her Government being Republican that the gains of the last year and a half are necessarily due to the Republic. They might conceivably have been realized under another system. But the mass of men are not logicians, and when they see a conspicuous success achieved by a Republic, they will be likely to assume that it could not have been achieved except by a Republic. Indeed for practical purposes the reasoning is sufficiently accurate; at all events the history of France since the close of the war has proved that a Republic is not hostile to the restoration and development of the national forces; and considering how little can be said in favour of any of the forms of government which it is proposed to put in place of a Republic, it is the part of ordinary prudence to accept it with contentment, if not with enthusiasm. The Committee of the Left Centre are evidently a little hurt that M. THIERS should have borrowed from them, without acknowledgment, the phrase "a Conservative Republic." They feel, however, that there is still something for the Left Centre to do. M. THIERS has appropriated their formula, but it will remain with those who invented it to define its principles, to explain its meaning, and to develop its consequences. To do all this is the mission of the press, and lest the press should fail in its duty, the Committee of the Left Centre are ready to supply the newspapers with a series of ready-made leading articles.

The person, however, who is doing most to make the recess lively is the PRESIDENT himself. According to the *Times*' Correspondent "it appears certain" that M. THIERS is meditating a very decided step forward in the direction of a permanent, as opposed to a provisional, Republic. The Assembly has always laid great stress upon the fact that it is constituent, and M. THIERS apparently intends to take it at its word. He will allow it to constitute a Second Chamber, and for this Second Chamber jointly with himself he will claim the power of dissolving the Assembly. The ingenuity of this device is considerable. It will be difficult for the Assembly to decline the task assigned to it, for a refusal to give the Executive even so much as a voice in the dissolution of a professedly representative Chamber would be to challenge it to decree a dissolution of its own mere motion, and trust to the result of the elections for a justification of its action. Yet to have the right to dissolve, even though it can only be exercised with the consent of a Second Chamber, is really to have the means of bringing a greatly increased pressure to bear upon the Deputies. In whatever way the Second Chamber is elected, it is likely to pull with the PRESIDENT in the matter of a dissolution. Even if it is elected by the Assembly from its own members, its duration will probably be regulated on a different principle, and it will have no personal interest in prolonging the life of a body to which it has no longer any special tie. If it is appointed by the Government, M. THIERS will certainly take care to nominate members of his own way of thinking. If it is elected by the country, it may be trusted to send the Assembly about its business as soon as the PRESIDENT asks it to do so. There is no reason to suppose that M. THIERS will be in any hurry to exercise the power which will thus be conferred on him. But the experience of the last Session has probably made it clear to him that, if his hold over

the Assembly were a little more visible, it might not be necessary to tighten it quite so often. In theory the power of the Assembly is absolute. The Executive is its creature, and though it is nominally responsible to the country, the fact that it cannot be dissolved deprives this responsibility of almost all its value. In practice the power of the Assembly is exceedingly limited; indeed it amounts to little else than freedom to do M. THIERS's will with more or less of ill grace. The disadvantage of this state of things is that it provides M. THIERS with no means of coercing the Assembly short of threatening resignation—a step which under present circumstances would be equivalent to a new revolution. This menace has always answered M. THIERS's purpose, and would probably continue to answer it. But an Assembly over which the whip has to be publicly waved in this fashion is not an institution that reflects credit on representative government. The pressure exercised on the Deputies by the knowledge that if they defy the PRESIDENT he can appeal to the nation to judge between him and them, is not open to this objection. All representative bodies are liable by the very law of their being to have the test of a dissolution applied to them, and the wish to shrink from it affects at most the character for sincerity of the particular Assembly which betrays it.

RAILWAY ECONOMICS.

THERE is reason to hope that the Report of the Committee on Railway Amalgamation will simplify future inquiries on similar subjects. It has been already observed that the most useful portions of the Report consist of the negative conclusions in which it rejects many of the remedies which have at different times been proposed for the alleged defects and evils of the railway system. The Committee, after full consideration, has satisfied itself that equal mileage rates are inexpedient, that it is impracticable to establish any standard for the revision of rates and fares founded on cost and profit, that there would be no advantage in establishing a maximum amount of terminal charges, that immediate reduction of rates and fares cannot be effectually made, that periodical revision of rates and fares is impracticable without a standard of revision, and that revision based on limitation of dividend is undesirable, while the scheme of dividing with the public profits exceeding a certain amount would be attended with great or insuperable difficulties. In an earlier part of the Report the Committee had shown that the provisions of the Act of 1844 for the compulsory purchase of railways by the State are no longer applicable. The limitation of dividends to a fixed percentage has been already adopted in the case of Gas and Water Companies, with the result, where the maximum has been attained, of depriving the undertakers of any motive for improving the value of their property, or for increasing the public accommodation. The supply of gas is a comparatively simple business; the rates are necessarily uniform, and the demand is within the district almost universal. Railway traffic requires to be fostered with minute and unceasing vigilance; and every large Company has at all times thousands of rates in operation, while scarcely a single charge corresponds with the maximum amount of the legal scale. Universal reduction of rates would be almost impossible, nor can any separate rate be fixed or altered without reference to other parts of the tariff, and also to the rates of all neighbouring Companies, which are consequently allowed, through the machinery of periodical meetings of managers, a voice in the adjustment of rates. Places both of consumption and of production compete as well as railways; and it would often happen that a change in the rates of goods at a town in Yorkshire would immediately affect the trade of Lancashire or Staffordshire. The competition of coal-fields affords a familiar illustration of the relations which connect all similar manufacturing districts or similar markets. An attempt to regulate rates according to the cost of railways, and to an assumed percentage of profit, would be at the same time unjust and impracticable. The effect of establishing such a standard would often be to increase the existing rates on traffic which could not bear even the smallest additional burden. The Committee rightly conjectures that, for the purpose of avoiding popular jealousy, Companies will voluntarily limit their dividends by applying surplus profits beyond a given return to the construction either of new branches or of additional rails. There is no other fund which can be so conveniently employed in providing on crowded railways additional lines of rail for the separation of passenger and goods traffic. The improvement has already been commenced by some of the largest Companies, and it

matters nothing whether the cost is borne out of revenue or by the creation of new capital.

The effect of sea-competition, wherever it exists, in keeping down rates is likely to be permanent, and the Committee only thinks it necessary to suggest that Railway Companies ought not to be allowed to obtain a monopoly of seaports, except such as they may have themselves created. An unexpected importance is attributed to the independence of internal water-carriage, which has already been infringed to a great extent by the purchases and amalgamations of Railway Companies. The Report contains recommendations that no inland navigation now in the hands of a public Trust shall be transferred to a Railway Company; that adjoining canals and inland navigations shall be encouraged to amalgamate with one another; and even that facilities should be afforded to Canal Companies for the compulsory purchase of canals which are now possessed by Railway Companies. It would seem that the only competition which the Committee deems practicable is that between water carriage and railway conveyance. In common with all persons who form their opinions from theory and on general evidence, the Committee conclude that competition invariably ends in combination. In the investigation of Bills for competing lines, or for facilitating the competition of existing Companies, skilled witnesses and traders of all descriptions invariably express an exactly opposite opinion. Several Bills were promoted, and some were passed, in the last Session, for the purpose of establishing the competition which the Select Committee regards as illusory; and promoters, opponents, and independent witnesses on both sides invariably assumed as the inevitable result of the proposed undertakings, the institution not of temporary, but of permanent competition, which is perfectly compatible with agreement on the scale of rates. At the general meeting of the London, Chatham, and Dover proprietors, a few days ago, some of the shareholders objected to the high rate of working expenses arising from the speed and number of trains, which was, in the opinion of the dissentients, excessive. Mr. FORBES, Managing Director of the Company, who has no superior in experience or ability among railway managers, replied that the Chatham line was adjacent to the South-Eastern and to the Brighton, and that it was indispensable to the welfare of the Company that it should supply equal accommodation with its neighbours. Such a practical illustration of the effects of competition is worth many general propositions. The South-Eastern Railway, which compels the Chatham Railway to furnish good accommodation to passengers, is nevertheless for many purposes allied with it.

The Committee declines to recommend that Railway Companies should be allowed to exercise general running powers over the lines of other Companies. Even when such powers are given by agreement or by special legislation, they can only be used to a limited extent. It is often more convenient for all parties that a Company should obtain access to an important station over an existing railway than that it should construct a line and station of its own; yet, when the traffic is large and the distance considerable, it is sometimes advisable to incur a large expense for the sake of securing absolute independence. The Midland Company will have spent several millions in releasing itself from its connexion with the Great Northern Company in its access to London, and with the London and North-Western Company on its route to Scotland; and it is now generally admitted that in both instances the Board of Directors adopted a judicious policy. As the Committee remarks, the North British Company announced their intention of refusing the running powers over the Midland line which were offered in the Bill for the amalgamation of the Midland with the Glasgow and South-Western; but no confident inference can be drawn from a declaration which may perhaps have been made in pursuance of a plan for the management of the Parliamentary contest. It is well known that no direct profit can be made by running over a foreign line, inasmuch as the share of the gross receipts which is allowed to the running Company only covers the cost of working. It follows that there is a limit of distance, probably never exceeding fifty or sixty miles, beyond which the running Company cannot earn on its own line a profit which would make it worth while to use a foreign line. It is still a disputed point whether large facilities, including the employment of clerks and agents on a foreign system, are or are not equally effective for purposes of competition with running powers. It is the interest, and therefore the practice, of neighbouring Companies to make through rates with one another to all non-competitive places. The Committee proposes that universal through rates shall be compulsorily imposed; and that, as a general rule, the receipts shall be divided according to mileage.

The details of the system will be regulated in case of dispute by the new Commission; and in ordinary cases there will be little complication. The defect of universal through rates will be, not that the traffic will be unduly charged, but that it will still be conveyed as at present by the Company which first handles the goods. In some instances through rates will give freighters a certain opportunity of choice; but in the great majority of cases traders know and care nothing about the route by which their goods are conveyed to their destination. Railway Companies are already legally compelled to send consigned goods as they may have been directed to travel; but the consignment is more often made by the agent of a Railway Company for the benefit of his principals than by the vendor or buyer. Nevertheless it is desirable to try the experiment of removing the impassable block which is now caused wherever through rates are withheld. Railway managers have many ways of protecting their Companies from the effects of too large concessions to their rivals. It will be well if writers on railway policy and economy will imitate the candour of the Committee in recognizing the inutility of almost all the contrivances which have been devised for anticipating by conjecture the lessons of experience. The want of forethought, or, as it might not less accurately be called, the inductive process, which it is a commonplace to denounce, has provided England with the best system of railways in the world; nor is it to be regretted that lines have been made because they seemed to those who possessed the greatest special knowledge likely to be useful and profitable, especially as in the great majority of instances the anticipation of the undertakers has been justified by the result.

MR. ROEBUCK AND THE WORKING-MAN.

MR. ROEBUCK, renouncing the bitterness of a political Ishmaelite, has treated the working-men of Sheffield to an impressive homily on the social value of suavity and gentleness. The result of recent political changes has been, as he said, to make the working-man the real governing man in England, or at least to put him in the way of becoming so, if he chooses to exercise the powers which have been bestowed on him. The numerical preponderance of the working classes has the effect, as long as they are united, of practically placing other classes at their mercy. Before the last Reform Act was passed Mr. LOWE suggested that it would be well to educate our masters, and Mr. ROEBUCK has drawn attention to a branch of their education which should certainly not be overlooked—education in social amenity and refinement. Mr. ROEBUCK said very truly that he has never been a flatterer of the working classes; indeed adulation of anybody can hardly be ascribed to him as his besetting sin. He once described himself as the dog Tear'em, who barked at everybody, and whose honest growl was always at the service of his country. Mr. ROEBUCK's favourite style of criticism is perhaps open to the artistic objection that it is deficient in variety; and his growling would occasionally have been more effective if relieved by a little genial approbation. Outspokenness at the risk of personal unpopularity is not, however, a common failing on the part of public men at the present day, and Mr. ROEBUCK's candour has frequently been attended with good results. It has been said that he lost his seat in the House of Commons in consequence of the part he took in bringing about an exposure of the abominable Trade Union conspiracy of which BROADHEAD was the leading spirit; but the working-men of Sheffield are probably convinced by this time that he could not have done them a more important service than in helping to break up the malignant despotism by which they were enslaved. Mr. ROEBUCK has always treated working-men, not with flattery, but respect. He has never thought it necessary to assure them that they were by nature the wisest and noblest of mankind, and at the same time to talk down to them as if they were silly little children who believed everything that was said to them, and who could be got to do anything by a few soft words and a little fawning. He has paid the working classes the compliment of believing that they are not deficient in common sense, manliness, and honesty, and that if they were told of their faults they would perhaps try to mend them. Instead of persuading them that they are naturally superior to all other classes of the community, he has repeatedly told them that it would be well to shake off the brutality, reckless self-indulgence, and ungenerous suspicion of others which too often distinguish them, and endeavour to become more gentle and amiable. And this, in other

words, was the burden of his speech at the opening of the St. Peter's Club.

It appears that the St. Peter's Club has been established "for the convenience of working-men, tradesmen, and the 'middle class generally.'" The attempts which have been made during the last few years to establish clubs for working-men appear, as a rule, to have broken down miserably. The working-man was asked to come and take his ease and make himself comfortable in places which by an exercise of fantastic ingenuity were made as uncomfortable for him as possible. The rooms provided for him were prim and cold, and the regulations were vexatious. He was deprived of his pipe and restricted as to his liquor, and worried in all sorts of ways by rules and by-laws which had apparently been borrowed from some severe form of prison discipline. It seems to be one of the most hopeful things about the St. Peter's Club that it starts with as few rules as possible. It is not to be a class or caste club. It has a thousand members; one-third of these are working-men, who will find themselves mixing on equal and friendly terms with men of other classes, clerks, shopmen, small tradesmen, and the like. Hitherto working-men have been too much shut up among themselves, and have been shy and suspicious of other classes; and the organization of the Trade Unions has perhaps tended to foster this isolation. It can hardly fail to be productive of good results if artisans and tradesmen can be brought together in a club of this kind. Mr. ROEBUCK said he never could understand why the working-man with the large wages he received should be so different from other men who earned less money, but who took a higher social position. It has lately been stated that one result of the general rise of wages has been to produce an increase of drunkenness among the labouring classes. It is obviously an equivocal satisfaction to the great body of working-men to direct their attention to exceptional instances in which some of their number have risen in the world, and made their way out of their own class into a superior social grade. If anything is to be done to improve the position of working-men as a class, it must be in the way of enabling them to rise to a higher standard of intelligence and refinement while continuing to practise their trades. If there is any feeling on their part that they are looked down upon by other classes—and this has probably a good deal to do with their clannishness and isolation—it will be removed by the free and friendly association of working-men with clerks and shopkeepers in a pleasant club. Mr. ROEBUCK looks forward to the day when working-men—at any rate the better sort of them—will sit down to their meals at what he called a gentleman's table. This does not imply, of course, fine meats or luxurious service, but only cleanliness, order, decorum, and all those little niceties which are associated with self-respect and consideration for others. A French workman who goes into a restaurant has his napkin like anybody else, and appreciates the propriety and convenience of all the arrangements. He not only feeds, but derives a delicate enjoyment from the white tablecloth, the gilding, and mirrors. Except that his meal costs a franc, instead of four or five francs, he is dining as any gentleman might do, and if at any time his circumstances placed him in a higher sphere he would feel quite at home there. There is nothing so fatal to the happiness and welfare of the English working-man as that want of self-respect which so often makes him alternately surly and cringing. When the Revolution gave everybody in France an equal right to be called Monsieur and Madame, it did a good deal for the elevation of the working classes of that country.

The opening of this little club may perhaps seem a small matter, but we are disposed to agree with Mr. ROEBUCK that the experiment is an important one in its possible results, and that, if successful, it may help in bringing about a gradual social revolution of the most desirable and valuable kind. It is to be hoped that the promoters will not expect too much from it all at once, and that, above all, they will steer clear of the blunder of over-regulating their society. As the entrance-fee has been fixed at 10s., it is obvious that at first only a very superior order of working-men can be expected to join, but these will act as a sort of social missionaries among their own class, and the influence of the club will be felt far beyond its precincts. Some fears seem to have been expressed lest the effect of establishing a handsome and attractive club-room should be to draw away men from their homes. We should imagine that the taproom and the drinking-bar would have more reason to fear this new competition. It is natural, however, to suppose that working-men, when they learn to appreciate the comforts of their club, will look for something of the same kind at home, and

their wives will be none the worse for the stimulus to exertion which will thus be applied to them. It was hardly necessary for Mr. ROEBUCK to disclaim any intention of making an onslaught on the British home and the British mother, for he had previously expressed a hope that the club-house might some day be open to the wife as well as the husband, so that they might dine there together with their children on a holiday afternoon. The plan of the club is a good one, and if it is left to develop itself naturally and gradually, and to manage its own affairs without external interference or fussy patronage, it will no doubt succeed. Even, however, if there were a number of clubs of this kind, they would hardly satisfy the wants either of working-men or of the middle classes generally to the same extent as a series of large, handsome, bright, well-conducted refreshment-rooms, after the fashion of the French cafés, open to everybody, and with a cheap tariff adapted to the poorest purse, where a man could smoke his pipe and read the papers, or gossip with a friend, at the cost of a few pence for refreshments. Mr. ROEBUCK's address to the working-men at Sheffield, whom he assumed to be honest, manly fellows who would not object to be told that they were not absolutely perfect, was equally creditable to himself and to his audience, and affords an agreeable contrast to the offensive adulation of interested sycophants.

EMIGRATION.

NOW that emigration is no longer regarded as the universal remedy for all the ills to which an old community is heir, there is perhaps some danger that its real advantages as a means of equalizing population and the means of subsistence may be lost sight of. The discovery that it is utterly unsuited for large classes of persons, coupled with the fact that these are often the very classes who are most disposed to emigrate, has a little brought it into discredit. It is pretty well known by this time that the colonies are not places into which paupers may be shot by arrangement, and that a distaste for work at home is not of itself a preparation for working elsewhere. Emigration cannot be trusted to empty the workhouses, or to rid the country of young men in whom education has developed the desire of wealth without suggesting any means of gratifying it. It is important, however, not to forget that the pressure of population may be relieved indirectly as well as directly; that paupers may be provided for not only by being shipped off to a new home, but by work being found for them in their old one; and that the condition of the class just above pauperism may be greatly bettered by a sudden diminution of its numbers, and an equally sudden rise in its standard of living. There was a time when emigration was a natural resource for skilled labourers, when to cross the Atlantic in search of work seemed all that was left to men who had fought their employers, and had again and again been compelled to surrender at discretion. At present, by some process the precise character of which is hardly ascertained, trade organization and the revival of industrial activity have brought about a kind of rough equation between the work to be done and the number of artisans who are able and willing to do it. As a rule, in all occupations which require much manual skill, and are pursued under conditions that make combination easy, the workman can meet his master on pretty equal terms. He is sure of good wages and fairly constant employment, and so long as this is the case he has no inducement to leave England. But besides the skilled workmen who are bound together in trade societies, there are others, not less skilled perhaps in their several handicrafts but destitute of the advantages which combination brings with it, who find it very hard to get on in this country. It is a common thing to find in a village young men, bred as carpenters or masons, who find just employment enough to keep them in their native place, but not enough to give them a comfortable or certain livelihood. Men of this sort would be better suited for an emigrant's life than the artisans of the great towns. In the country the division of labour is less complete, and a workman is more able to turn his hand to many things.

It is probable, however, that the real future of emigration lies in another direction. The class of persons who are best adapted for, and will most benefit by, emigration to an agricultural country are those who have been accustomed to agriculture at home. As yet this mine has scarcely been worked at all. In the emigration returns for 1871, 57,542 emigrants are described as "general labourers," 10,308 as "gentlemen," 8,053 as "farmers," 5,272 as "miners"

"and quarrymen," 2,870 as "carpenters and joiners," but only 1,378 as "agricultural labourers, gardeners, and carters." This mere fraction of the total of 252,435 persons who left the United Kingdom during the year is all that was contributed by the class which beyond every other is doing worst in England, and would be likely to do best in the British colonies. The reason for this disproportion is not hard to find. Dread of the unknown is greatest where education is least. If the agricultural labourer knows that there are countries where work and food are to be had in abundance, it is as much as he knows. He is absolutely ignorant of the means of getting there, and of the kind of life he would have to lead after getting there. The life he would leave behind him has so few attractions that to the educated man it seems that anything would be better. But to the uneducated man the ills that he knows not of are always worse than the ills he knows. Education must by degrees have changed this; but in all probability the process will be immensely accelerated by other causes. The immediate result of the general formation of agricultural Trade Unions must be a considerable disturbance of the relations between farmers and labourers, and the Unions will probably be driven to urge emigration upon their members as a temporary expedient for lightening the pressure on their funds. They will put themselves in communication with emigration agents, and get together and circulate the sort of information which the labourer requires to make him sure that by crossing the ocean he is not committing himself to a miserable life, and a still more miserable death. When once a few of the bolder spirits in each Union have made the trial, all difficulties will be at an end. Correspondence—even the rare and unsatisfactory correspondence which is the most that an uneducated man is likely to achieve—is a surer means of dispelling discouraging illusions as to the nature of an emigrant's life than any amount of printed evidence supplied by persons with whom the intending emigrant is unacquainted. And when once the initial difficulty of finding passage money has been surmounted, the example of Ireland shows what can be done by the absolutely unaided agency of emigrants interested in enabling others to follow them. Since the year 1848 the sum of seventeen millions sterling has been remitted by Irish settlers in North America to their friends in the United Kingdom. In the three successive years 1852, 1853, and 1854, the sums sent back were 1,404,000*l.*, 1,439,000*l.*, and 1,730,000*l.* In 1864, the year in which the least money was sent, the amount was 332,172*l.* From that date it steadily rose again till 1870, when it reached 727,408, and in 1871 it was 702,488. Of this last mentioned sum 310,990*l.* was in the form of pre-paid passages. The number of Irish emigrants during the year was 71,067, and the cost of their passage in steamers, as fixed by the Liverpool Steam Shipping Companies, was about 403,000*l.* The money sent back would thus far have sufficed to take out nearly as many again as actually wanted to go. In other words, the Irish peasantry have the means of emigrating whenever they wish to do so, as they might leave the country in nearly double their present numbers before exhausting the funds sent home by Irishmen who have already left it. It may be said perhaps that the family relationship is more keenly and more enduringly felt in Ireland than in England, and the fact is certainly borne out by other evidence than that of the money sent home by emigrants. But when full allowance has been made for this difference, we may still believe that sufficient affection is felt by the English poor for their wives or children or parents to induce them, if necessary, to make somewhat similar sacrifices to those which have been so freely made by the Irish. The figures which have been quoted are the best possible answer to the cry that is sometimes raised for State aid to emigration. The chief result of such a scheme would be to check a spontaneous liberality which, during the last quarter of a century, has raised seventeen millions of money.

At present the proportion of emigrants to the United States over the emigrants to the British colonies is very remarkable. In 1871, out of the 188,273 Englishmen who left this country, 144,417 went to the United States. Of Irishmen, the proportion was still greater, and in Scotland, though the proportion was much smaller, the actual excess was still considerable—16,236 out of 23,039. It is not impossible that these statistics may be modified if any large agricultural emigration takes place. The artisan and the town workman generally is disposed by political tendencies to prefer the United States to Canada, but the immediate opening for agricultural labour is perhaps greater in Canada. The agent of Ottawa assures the Emigration Commissioners that he has not been able to

furnish more than a partial supply of agricultural labourers to meet the many orders received from the farmers in the province. The agent at Kingston says that four times the number of immigrants could have been settled without difficulty in his district. The agent at Hamilton speaks of an unprecedented scarcity of agricultural labour, and adds that, were it not for the substitution of machinery, it would have been impossible to secure the crops. It is quite possible that life in Canada may have more attractions for an English agricultural labourer than the more unfamiliar conditions of life in the United States. That the supply has hitherto been inferior to the Canadian demand is probably due to the absence of the agricultural element among the emigrants. No other class is wanted to anything like the same extent, and no other important class makes so poor a show in the returns. If the Bishop of GLOUCESTER and BRISTOL will allow us to say so, there can be no greater charity than to help industrious agricultural labourers to make their way from districts where they are poorly paid to a country where certain prosperity awaits them as the reward of steady work. Before long it may be hoped that the emigration of the English peasantry will be as self-supporting as that of the Irish peasantry has been. But in the first instance the money must be found through agencies nearer home.

DR. LIVINGSTONE AND MR. STANLEY.

SHORT of the presence of the long-missing traveller himself, nothing can well be conceived capable of kindling greater curiosity and interest than the appearance before the throng assembled at Brighton of the youthful adventurer who had to speak of Livingstone's discovery and safety. A certain halo of romance which had from the first surrounded an enterprise so novel and original as that of Mr. Stanley seemed still to hover around the speaker, and to be kept up in part by the spirited and highly dramatic tone which characterized his narrative throughout. To the popular eye and ear here was the very impersonation of what was to be expected in the hero of such an expedition, as well in physique as in mental qualities. Cool, self-possessed, and fluent, restless in energy, with a fund of mother-wit and a power of holding his own against critics and gainsayers on every side, it was no difficult task with the speaker to win his way at once to the heart and the confidence of at least the less critical or the less coldly constituted body of his hearers. Both in his short opening address, spoken extempore with an energy at times rising or descending to brusqueness, and in the more formal paper in which he told of his travels and geographical impressions, he showed a descriptive skill and verve which kept the enthusiasm of the audience at the highest pitch. Nothing in the way of a popular harangue could well be more graphic or effective than his description of his abrupt and sudden call to what seemed to him a vague and shadowy mission, his girding himself up to the search for a man whom he had been wont to regard, and could still scarce keep himself from regarding, as a myth. "Do you think he is alive?" was his first question of the native ruler at Unyanyembe, who could say no more than that he was said to be living at Ujiji somewhere, and was a great eater of butter, but that for his part he had divined by the Koran and found Livingstone was dead. For Ujiji Mr. Stanley set out on the 23rd of September last, after an abortive start or two, his men having deserted him, and both trackless jungles and native warfare barring the path. How he felt and behaved when, on the 10th of November, the man whom he had believed to be a myth stood before him, how he would fain have turned a summersault, but, for the sake of the Arabs who stood by, kept all feeling under a severe curb as he walked side by side with the pale, thin, grey-bearded old man, "dressed in a red shirt, with a crimson joko, with a gold band round his cap, an old tweed pair of pants, and his shoes looking the worse for wear" all is movingly told—and what a tale of calamities did he read "in that wrinkled face, those grey hairs in his beard, those silver lines in his forehead!" It must be allowed that Mr. Stanley has made an intensely thrilling tale out of the meeting and the events that followed it. We can imagine his unlooked-for arrival and genial companionship having not a little to do with bringing up the "ruckle" of bones that had crawled back months before in weariness and pain to Ujiji to the bodily standard of the hale and hearty and energetic Livingstone of old. On the other hand, the enthusiasm of the veteran explorer and geographer seems to have kindled in his younger companion the zeal of a neophyte in the cause of physical discovery, and it is with unquestioning faith that he has made himself the mouthpiece of his master's theories.

It is not to be taken as in the slightest degree disparaging to the accuracy of Livingstone's observations, or the *bona fides* of Mr. Stanley's corroborative reports, that implicit acceptance of what both travellers unhesitatingly advance as a solution of the Nile mystery is at present out of the question with geographers. It is to be deplored that a certain kind of heat has been imported into the discussions at Brighton, leading to an unpleasant break in the amenities befitting the occasion. It should have been made clear that no amount of doubt as to

the inferences drawn by the travellers from what they saw and have told us need be taken as a slur upon the correctness or the good faith of what they declare as facts. Together they set out on the circuit of Lake Tanganyika round its northern shore, with the result of establishing beyond doubt that the lake has no possible connexion with the Albert Nyanza or the Nile. The River Ruzizi was conclusively found to flow into, not out of, Tanganyika, nor can it possibly flow into Baker's Lake. Rubinga, an intelligent chief of Usige, is reported by Mr. Stanley to have stated that the river escapes from the Lake Kivu, and he would appear to have himself traced as many as seventeen or eighteen of its affluents between the two lakes, including the Luanda or Ruanda. It is much to be regretted that the circumnavigation of Lake Tanganyika was not extended to its south-east shore, so as to dispose of the question whether it discharges itself, as seems most probable, by the Lufiji, Rufigi, or Ruaha, into the sea near Zanzibar. Another, if not the same outlet, may lie through the beautiful Lake Ziamba or Liamba, previously described by Livingstone. From Livingstone's last despatch, dated Unyanyembe, February 20, 1872, we get the latest views of the great traveller as to what he had achieved, with his plans for the future. What he has placed beyond doubt is the existence of a great mountain range, dividing the drainage of the Zambesi from that to the northward, identical probably with Ptolemy's Mountains of the Moon. But more important still is the great valley system of lakes and rivers, starting from a broad upland between 10° and 12° S., and from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea, from which rise mountains 6,000 or 7,000 feet in actual height. This watershed extends over 700 miles from west to east. Countless springs here ooze up from the spongy soil, spreading out, says Livingstone, to a bird's-eye view, like the frost vegetation on a window-pane. In passing over 60 miles of latitude, he waded thirty-two primary sources of this kind. Several of them are covered with veritable living bridges, the rich dark glossy-leaved grass with its roots and leaves felting itself into a mat, which, when stepped upon, yields 12 or 15 inches, the water rising to that height up the leg, holes here and there appearing through which anywhere one might "plump through and finish the chapter." When the water is shallow, the lotus, or sacred lily, sends its roots to the bottom and spreads its broad leaves across the floating bridge. Uniting into four such streams in the main these springs form the head waters of the Chambesi, the bed of which Livingstone followed from its source till it entered the large lake Bangweolo, 150 miles wide and 4,000 feet above the sea, which our readers will find set down in Keith Johnston's map (1870). Turning thence northwards, it flows, under the new name of Luapula, past the town of Cazembe—a distinguished chief made known to us by Dr. Lacerda, the Portuguese—into Lake Moero, also set down in the said map. Thence the great river forces its way to the north through the Rua Mountains, and spreads out into a new lake, called Ulenza or Kamalondo, in the Manyema country. It is here called the Lualaba, and has been named by Livingstone Webb's Lake River, after a friend. Soon after this it makes to the west a great bend of 180 miles, and after a further bend of 120 miles to the north and west, with 30 miles of southing next, draws round to the north-east, receiving the Lomame or Loeki, joined to which it flows through a large lake called "Lincoln" by the discoverer. Thence the united stream spreads out into a fourth large lake with many islands, to which Livingstone gives no name, and which he was unable to explore, failing health and supplies compelling his return in 1870 to Ujiji. Somewhat to the south-west from hence natives reported a remarkable mound, from the base of which the springs or fountains divide into two great rivers to the north-east. One of these, the Lufira, named by Livingstone Bartle Frere's, flows into Lake Kamalondo. That to the north-west of the mound, or "Young's Fountain," is considered by him to form the upper waters of the Lomame. These streams, with two others, which he believes to run south, are held by him to be those mentioned by Herodotus as flowing, one-half to the Nile and one-half into inner Ethiopia.

The main lacustrine stream thus tracked for the first time for 600 miles is held implicitly by the great traveller to be no other than the Nile. And this discovery he announces as the crowning glory of his career of toil. Here it is unhappily impossible for geographers to follow him. It is no question between gentlemen sitting at home in easy chairs, as Mr. Stanley somewhat hotly puts it, and one who has with his own eyes seen the Nile. As a matter, not of fact, but of inference, it is, to say the least, as much within the capacity of those at home, with the command of concurrent aids to judgment, and all the light of independent discovery, as of an observer on the spot. The simple and obvious laws of nature are at all events not to be gainsaid; and the mere considerations of level, unless the figures have undergone some strange and unimaginable juggling, are fatal to Livingstone's darling hypothesis. It is difficult to conceive the traveller himself sitting down to pen it without a misgiving, on second thought, that the height of the lower part of Central Lualaba, being one inch lower by barometer than Tanganyika, which he makes out to be 3,000 feet, is "about the altitude ascribed to Gondokoro." Some fifteen degrees of latitude, by his estimate, separating the Lualaba at this point from Gondokoro, both the latitude of which (over 5° N.) and the elevation are fixed by full and concurrent testimony, how is he to account for the river actually keeping a dead level for a thousand miles and upwards? As for Livingstone's river flowing into the Bahr-el-Gazal, as has been suggested, not only is the same difficulty

of level in the way, but all evidence concurs in representing the Bahr-el-Gazal as a shallow, reedy stream, utterly unequal to the reception of a broad and deep volume of water like the Lualaba, in places over two miles in width. Livingstone confesses himself at times to be haunted by a suspicion that he had hit upon the Congo, which, if we mistake not, will be the impression of geographers in general, for that a stream of this magnitude can lose itself in some inland lake or swamp passes the bounds of what is probable. It may be, of course, that Livingstone's observations of level, as well as of geographical distribution, were incorrect. What instruments he had with him appear to have been imperfect at the best, besides having been long in use. The boiling-water test, at no time scientifically exact, is anything but enhanced in accuracy in the tropics, where the pole-star, too, can be scarcely, if at all, available for observation, and the sun is seen under the worst conditions for latitude. Livingstone's timepieces having long been useless, longitude must for some time past have become a mere matter of dead reckoning; and with what strictness he had kept count of time may be tested by the fact of his allowing himself to have been three weeks out in his reckoning when found by Mr. Stanley. Refreshed as he must have been, and amply supplied, as he himself writes, with stores, he reports it as his future plan of action to go south-west from Unyanyembe to Fipa, near the south-eastern end of Tanganyika, from thence round to Pambette so as to cross the Chambesi, and coast the southern shores of Lake Bangweolo (lat. 12° S.), and thence due west to the ancient fountains of Herodotus and Ptolemy. Thence it is no more than ten days north to Katakanga, the copper-mines of which have been worked for ages, the malachite being practically inexhaustible. Ten days N.E. from Katakanga are said to be the wondrous natural rock excavations ascribed by the natives to the Deity. In these, where water is said to be laid on in running streams, the inhabitants of large districts can take refuge in case of invasion. We shall look with interest for the account of these remarkable natural features. But the most absorbing curiosity must be felt for the solution of the central problem of all, by Livingstone's striking once more the southern shore of Lake Lincoln; going down from it to the Lomame, on into Webb's Lualaba, and pursuing the main river till it yields up the secret of its unknown issue. This issue he hopes and believes to be the Nile. In this belief and hope there can be few to join him. Still, the result, whatever it be, cannot fail to prove a valuable gain to our knowledge of African geography, and to our admiration of the indefatigable explorer. The thought of the hardships and toils which yet await him cannot but heighten our feelings of regret and disappointment that the expedition sent out from home at so much expense, and with such abundant promise, for his relief and support should have ended in so abortive a fashion. To the question of the responsibility incurred by those entrusted with this mission we may find occasion to refer hereafter, when the arrival of Lieutenant Dawson shall have put us in possession of all which that officer has to urge on behalf of himself or his comrades. In the meantime it is only fair to bear in mind the message conveyed to them by Mr. Stanley, that Livingstone wished all relief expeditions to be turned back; that he wanted no companions; and that he was amply supplied with stores—expressions which are fully borne out by his dispatch of February 20. Much blame has been thrown upon Mr. Stanley, apart from the amazing story about the commission for slave-chains, for his keeping back from the members of the Relief Expedition, and from Her Majesty's Consul, all information concerning his own or Livingstone's travels, besides supplanting his tried and faithful friend Dr. Kirk in the confidence of the great traveller. It was naturally with great pain that these gentlemen found the American Correspondent entrusted with Livingstone's despatches and letters home, as well as with the sending of fifty men with stores and arms for his relief. Not a little of this feeling has diffused itself at home, and doubtless found expression—strengthened it may be by what was deemed to savour of exaggeration, egotism, or love of sensational display in the address of Friday—in the unpleasant episode of Saturday evening's speech. Let it be borne in mind, however, what Mr. Stanley's functions and mission really were. His first duty was to his employers. As a newspaper Correspondent of the interviewing class, he fulfilled that duty with courage, resolution, and address. Charged with the interests of the *New York Herald*, he could hardly do otherwise than keep for the use, in the first instance, of that journal, the valuable matter which he had accumulated at so liberal and so heavy an expense to the proprietors. It must be annoying to the Geographical Society and its emissaries, as well as to the British public itself, to be forestalled in an enterprise so ably planned and so dear to the national heart as that for the discovery and relief of the missing traveller. Still, it would be unworthy of the nation, and even petty on the part of the representatives of geographical science, were feelings such as these suffered to detract from the meed of praise and thanks which is justly due to one who was in reality the first in the recovery and aid of Livingstone.

A PARISIAN SENSATION.

THE French, or at least the Parisians, notwithstanding the disasters through which they have but lately passed, and the dangers which still threaten, seem to be enjoying their political holiday with a light heart. It is natural perhaps that an Assembly

which persists in sitting at Versailles should not be an object of enthusiasm to the inhabitants of the slighted capital; and Parliamentary debates, even at their best, are dull reading. Now and then there is a smart shower of epigrams in the Chamber, or a Minister disarms an adversary by a neat *riposte*; and it is probably one of the secrets of M. Thiers's hold upon his countrymen that he is invariably amusing. His facts may be imaginary, his logic obviously false, but at least he is sure to be lively and entertaining, even on questions of taxes and tariffs. As a rule, however, politics are rather tiresome, and the Parisians evidently feel that for the present, at any rate, they have had enough of an unpalatable dose, and have plunged gladly into social philosophy. M. Dumas showed characteristic adroitness in launching his recent pamphlet at the right moment, when the public was sick of political controversy and eager for a change. At first sight it might seem that the right of a husband to slay an unfaithful wife with his own hands was a subject which would be soon exhausted. But this has not proved to be the case. Not only has *L'Homme-femme* had an enormous circulation, but it has called forth quite a library of other pamphlets bearing on the same subject. It must be assumed that this kind of literature is popular, or it would not be produced in such profusion. If these had been still the days of the Empire, it would no doubt have been suggested that the Government had a finger in the matter, and was not sorry to see attention distracted from burning political questions to social problems which did not affect the stability of the dynasty. But there is no reason to suppose that M. Thiers is in league with M. Dumas, or has taken any part in fomenting the controversy. The most curious contribution to this body of literature is that of the *Figaro*. A week ago it published a long report, filling some three or four columns, of a trial for murder which was said to have just taken place in Corsica. The evidence of witnesses, the speeches of counsel, the remarks of the Court, the exclamations of the accused, were all given in the most circumstantial way. The scene of the trial was laid in the Assize Court of Bastia, in Corsica. The prisoner, Lucia Medelli, was described as a young, high-born, and beautiful woman, and she was charged with killing her husband in revenge for his infidelity. The marriage had been one of love, and for several years she and her husband had enjoyed a life of perfect happiness. She was passionately attached to him; but after a time he became cold and indifferent, and treated her, not only with neglect, but insult. He was at no pains to conceal his reckless gallantries, and at last carried his outrages so far as to commence a *liaison* with her maid under the domestic roof. The wretched wife in vain resorted to entreaty and remonstrance. At last, in a fit of despair, she shot her husband dead, by the side of his paramour. All this was told with names and dates and abundance of minute detail. The *acte d'accusation* was set forth in the usual style. The prisoner, when questioned by the Judge, admitted the murder, but pleaded that it was her love for her husband which had led her to kill him. Her counsel reminded the jury that all persons were equal before the law, men and women alike, that sex made no difference, and that it was their duty to treat his client just as they would treat a man who was placed before them on a similar charge. The killing of a husband by a wife was not a greater crime than the killing of a wife by a husband; and he put it to the conscience of the jury to say whether they would not at once have acquitted a husband who, in vindication of his honour, had slain his guilty spouse. The jury immediately returned a unanimous verdict of "Not Guilty," which was received with a burst of applause.

The report of this trial, appearing just at the moment when everybody was talking of M. Dumas's pamphlet, and illustrating, as it seemed to do, in a practical form the converse of his proposition, naturally excited much interest. The story found its way in different shapes into other papers, and at last one journal, reputed to be M. Gambetta's organ, bolder than the rest, published a version of the case in a letter headed "From Our Special Correspondent at Bastia." The next day the *Figaro* announced that its own report was a pure fiction from beginning to end; that there was no Assize Court at Bastia, and that Lucia Medelli and the rest of the characters were only the creations of the writer's ingenious brain. "The narrative," it stated, "is entirely imaginative; our Correspondent, René de Pont-Jest, merely wished to treat the question of the day in a form familiar to him." He had for some time been engaged in reporting judicial proceedings at Versailles and elsewhere, and he thought he could throw his ideas into a striking and effective form if he drew up an account of an imaginary trial. Those who believe that the press reflects the character of its readers will probably discover a painful significance in an incident of this kind. It must be remembered that this is not the first occasion on which the *Figaro* has indulged in practical jokes of a similar character. In the last months of the Second Empire, when the proprietor thought he had not been well treated by the Government, he published a number of the paper purporting to be written by violent Republicans, as a hint that the *Figaro* might, under provocation, adopt this as its regular tone. And for a few hours Paris had a sensation after its own heart. There is an ingenuous passage in one of M. Taine's letters on England in which he complains of the hard, dry, matter-of-fact news published by the English newspapers. In Paris, he remarked, this would never be tolerated. No editor would dream of printing anything without first dressing it up artistically, and making a pretty story of it. Between trimming a genuine narrative and inventing a fictitious one is, after all, only a step, and it is a step which is soon taken. When once it has

got to be understood that the newspapers are bound day after day to supply their readers with startling or amusing legends, and that it is no justification for a dull story that it happens to be true, we can hardly be surprised if a clever and audacious writer should be tempted to carry the artistic process a little further back, and, instead of merely touching up a piece of news, should begin by inventing it altogether. It may be said that the *Figaro* in this instance had no intention to spread false news; that it merely indulged in a rather reckless jest. But the sort of news which was published by the *Figaro* and other journals during the war has not been forgotten, and it is hardly possible to take up any of the ordinary Parisian sheets without coming across numerous paragraphs which have evidently been concocted solely with a view to effect. The responsibility for tricks of this kind lies between the journalist and his readers. It is tolerably certain that he would not venture to sport with their confidence in his truthfulness if he had reason to suppose that truth had any value in their eyes. M. Thiers has a favourite theory as to the superiority, from the historian's point of view, of what he calls *l'intelligence des faits* over the facts themselves, and his countrymen are evidently not indisposed to agree with him on this point. The rise of a sober, truthful press would be one of the most hopeful symptoms of the regeneration of France.

As for the controversy which has been stirred up by M. Dumas's nonsensical and claptrap pamphlet, we must confess that we have no desire to go to the bottom of it, especially after reading some of the rejoinders which it has called forth, and which certainly go to a somewhat startling depth. We incline to the old-fashioned notion that there are some subjects which it is just as well not to probe too deeply, especially in a popular discussion. The advocates of women's rights have not neglected the opportunity of putting in a word, and their attack on French husbands is more vigorous than savoury. If the question which M. Dumas has raised is, as he would have us believe, a familiar one in French households, it may readily be believed that the blame does not rest exclusively on one sex. The artificial seclusion and restraint of French girls on the one hand, and the profligate character of many French husbands on the other, supply the conditions of inevitable domestic misery. It is simply impossible that a society could hold together in which the practices that form the monotonous theme of French plays and novels were really prevalent to the extent suggested. But the mere direction of the mind so constantly upon such subjects is in itself a sign of a grave moral epidemic. There could hardly be anything more characteristic of the views of French society than that strange rule in the unwritten code of manners, that no unmarried girl can be seen without loss of character at the Palais Royal Theatre, while a married woman, even the wife of a month or a year, is at liberty to revel at pleasure in the unequivocal indecency of the performance. The writer of a pamphlet entitled *Ève contre M. Dumas fils* protests against what she calls the foolish convention that well-bred women are absolutely free from the passions of humanity, and that they can be passed through the furnace of suggestion and temptation without being the worse for it. A relish for the dramatic analysis of the morbid psychology of illicit passion such as is presented in M. Dumas's *Une Visite de Noce* indicates a state of mind which can hardly fail to be productive of bad social results. It appears that the *L'Homme-femme* question has now found its way to the stage. A Correspondent of the *Times* mentions that at the Variétés a sort of lecture is delivered every night, called "Ne la tue pas," in which the fun is of the broadest kind; while another farce, on the same theme, called *Tue-la*, has proved highly attractive at the Palais Royal. The popularity of the controversy in this form is perhaps a sufficient indication of the kind of social atmosphere in which such things are possible.

OUR FOOD PROSPECTS.

EXCEPTIONAL anxiety has been felt this year, and with very good reason, by all classes of the community as to the prices which will have to be paid in the coming winter to the producers of our chief articles of food, whether natives or foreigners. The sudden rise which has taken place from various causes in the price of coal, that most important element in the comfort and in the expenditure of an English family, has had not a little to do with the sort of panic that has taken hold of the domestic mind. It has suggested, in combination with other matters, the fear that the winter which approaches may prove a hard one, and hard, not perhaps on account of the inclemency of the weather, but because of the pinching and starving that may have to be endured from the scarcity and dearth of food. There has, too, been an uncomfortable feeling abroad, more perhaps in commercial circles than elsewhere, that we are following paths in some of our great manufacturing industries which may be marked as dangerous; and there has been the conviction in cautious minds that a collapse as sudden as the inflation has been great in the prosperity of not a few chief branches of trade may only too easily be brought about by such a calamity as a bad harvest. The late frosts in the spring, the broken summer, the abnormally large rainfall of the year, sufficiently justified the apprehension that the grain crop must be a bad one, and that dear bread must be the lot of the people; while the constantly repeated accounts of the ravages of the "foot and mouth" disease, and lately the reports of cattle-plague at the nearest German port, and indeed amongst the cattle at our Northern ports imported from it,

have almost reconciled the public to the weekly increase of their butchers' bills. As to the corn crops, there is no doubt that last week while the rain continued they were in the utmost peril; but fortunately the wet weather passed away in the very nick of time, and with it much of the gloomy foreboding which prevailed; and now, with perfect harvest weather, we are able to consider our food prospects for the coming year in a comparatively cheerful and hopeful frame of mind.

There are no means available by which the annual consumption of meat in this country can be accurately or even approximately ascertained. The agricultural statistics supply us with the number of animals in existence in the country on a given day in the year, and roughly distinguish, in the case of cattle, between those reserved for breeding purposes and for consumption, and also between those above and under two years of age, the time when they may be deemed fit for the butcher, and, in the case of sheep, between those above and those under one year old. But it is impossible to ascertain how many animals actually find their way to market in any one year, or the weight of them when slaughtered; and although we can learn from the Board of Trade accounts of imports the number brought into the country, there is no information as to whether they are poor or fat, nor is it possible to make a trustworthy estimate of their weight. It follows that there are no means of ascertaining by comparison the increase of consumption at the present time over that of any bygone period. Thus much, however, is clear, that the consumption of meat in England has increased in a ratio far larger than its production, in spite of the improvement in breeds which has provided us with larger animals, developing at an earlier age than at any former period, in spite of improved methods of feeding which enable a skillful manager to send a greater weight of meat to market from his farm in a given space of time by the employment of materials not produced on the farm, and in spite also of importation from all neighbouring countries of the stock which, attracted by our high prices, they are willing to spare to us. It was hoped that the enormous herds of South America might supply us with frames which our feeders might cover with excellent meat; but, although the adventurers appear to have conducted the experiment of importing cattle from that continent judiciously as regards the means adopted for carrying it out, insuperable difficulties conquered them. Australian preserved meats are slowly making their way, but it is evident that for many years to come they can count for only a small proportion of the whole demand of the country. No doubt successive dry seasons have reduced our home supply of meat, especially of mutton, and it is to be hoped that the comparatively rainy seasons of 1871 and 1872 may be found to have encouraged breeders again to increase their stocks to the numbers attained in 1868. But even if this be the case, it will be more than a year before the increase could tell on the supply; and meanwhile, if England maintains her present condition of prosperity, the increase of consumption will again have overtaken any possible increase of supply. The position appears to be such that, as it is impossible to reckon on larger supplies, the only hope of a reduction in price must lie in reduction of consumption. Some reduction will be effected, no doubt, by the exercise of an economy which is rendered absolutely necessary in families of the middle class in order to make both ends meet. In large establishments of the wealthy classes it is hopeless to expect domestic servants to exercise any self-denial, and meat will continue to be eaten at three or four meals a day; among the lower labouring class, whose wages have not increased in nearly the same ratio as those of the skilled artisan, the cost of meat will forbid even the occasional use of it; but so long as the existing prosperity of the great trades enables skilled workmen to exact their own terms, and those terms include a large rate of wages, it must be expected that the workmen will continue to require a large supply of meat for their families, whatever its price may be. It is they who have recently become great consumers of meat, and it is, in a great measure, the new demand created by them that has rendered our supplies inadequate to the wants of the country. Unfortunately, too, the women of this class are unskilled for the most part in cooking, and consequently waste increases the quantity of meat which is thus used up. Until we can see some reason to believe that the purchasing power of this class of the community is likely to be reduced, we fear that it is hopeless to expect any important diminution in the price of meat. All that can be done is to take care that the butcher does not tax the commodity too heavily by undue profits. It is satisfactory, however, to know that farmers were never more abundantly supplied with provender, and that they, or at least those of them who have a stock of animals, will reap profits of which, if report speaks truly, they stand somewhat in need.

As to bread, there seems to be sufficient ground to enable us to prophesy smoother things. But although, while we write, the weather is all that can be desired for harvest, yet the crop of grain is by no means as yet out of jeopardy. Assuming, however, the continuance of sunshine, it may be expected that wheat, and therefore bread, will be cheaper for the next twelve months than it has been during those just ending. Not, indeed, because there is a large crop, or a crop of good quality, in England, for all authorities appear to agree that there is neither one nor the other. The plant was rather thin, the ears small rather than large, and not always well filled; though, on the other hand, the plant was everywhere tolerably regular. But bad weather during the blooming time has had the effect of leaving blank places in the ears,

while the violent storms of July and August laid large breadths of the standing crop, which produced in consequence lean berries instead of plump ones, and the subsequent damp rainy weeks produced mildew and other diseases damaging to the grain. Some early wheats, and among them much of the finer qualities, began to sprout in the fields, and much that did not sprout will have been discoloured. The *Gardener's Chronicle*, in publishing its annual reports from 262 correspondents distributed over the country—of whom 135 estimate the crop to be an average one, while 98 put it below, and 29 above an average—remarks that since these letters were written the weather has been unfavourable and the estimates are probably too high; and, taking into consideration that the most important corn-growing districts send a large proportion of unfavourable estimates, it is feared "that it must be concluded that wheat will not yield an average return nor barley a full one; oats, and beans, and pease, on the other hand, are unusually good." It has also been reported that upon thrashing farmers find that the yield does not come up to their anticipations, while many samples leave much to be desired in point of quality. It seems, therefore, a conclusion not to be resisted, that our home crop is not equal to an average one in point of quantity or quality. Thirty years ago this state of things would immediately have rendered a higher range of prices certain, but now the development of the trade in grain since the abolition of the Corn-laws, and the facility of communication of remote districts in either hemisphere with the sea-board by railways, free us from apprehension of high prices if we can learn that some other countries have good crops. If several corn-growing countries have good crops, we may look for moderate prices even if England has a bad one. America and Russia alone can supply our deficiency, if other nations grow enough for themselves. For several years France has had poor crops, and has competed with us as a purchaser in foreign markets, at the same time buying our home-grown wheat in our own market. This year, however, France has the most exceptional abundance, and instead of drawing away from us part of the exports of other countries, will send us, according to trustworthy accounts, about one-fourth of what we are likely to need. Germany also will be able to spare no inconsiderable quantity, while America and Russia, with no other market than our own open to receive any of their surplus, will have to compete with France for English gold. California is said to have a prodigious yield of wheat, though the Eastern States of North America have a less crop than last season. The Russian districts have not uniformly good crops, but still, on the whole, they will send their usual large supplies. To sum up the whole matter—We have a crop, probably inferior to that of 1871, which was estimated to be from ten to twenty per cent. short of an average. America, from the Atlantic and Pacific together, may be expected to send us as much as last year; Russia about the same; Germany probably more; plus in each case what those countries sent to France last year. France will send us perhaps a fourth of our whole imports, and will not take anything from us. Of other sources of supply, such as the Danube, Egypt, Chili, Australia, &c., we cannot speak with certainty. We may reckon on having all the spare corn of the world poured into our ports, and we know that the crops are fairly good. We shall receive certainly more than we received last year, probably considerably more; and as there is no reason to anticipate a largely increased consumption, prices may be expected to decline. A bad potato crop, however, requires a supplement of bread, and the disease is said to have shown itself in this root over a large extent of country. The contingency of a larger bread supply being required on this account should not therefore be omitted from the calculation. If stock farmers may be expected to do well, corn farmers will have a bad time, as they will have to sell an indifferent crop of wheat at low prices. The public must content themselves with the hope of being able to set their saving in cheap bread against their loss on dear meat.

THE EPICENE SEX.

THERE has always been in the world a kind of women whom one scarcely knows how to classify as to sex; men by their instincts, women by their form, but neither men nor women as we regard either in the ideal. In early times they were divided into two classes; the Amazons who, donning helmet and cuirass, went to the wars that they might be with their lovers, or perhaps only for the masculine liking for rough work; and the tribe of ancient women, so withered and so wild, who should be women, yet whose beards forbade men so to account them, and for whom public opinion usually closed the controversy by declaring that they were witches—that is, creatures so unlike the rightful woman of nature that only the devil himself was supposed to be answerable for them. These particular manifestations have long since passed away, and we have nowadays neither Amazons learning the goose step in our barrack-yards, nor witches brewing hell-broth on Scottish moors; but we have the epicene sex all the same—women who would defy the acutest social Cuvier among us to classify them, but who are growing daily into more importance, and making continually fresh strides in their unwholesome way.

Possessed by a restless discontent with their appointed work, and fired with a mad desire to dabble in all things unseemly, which they call ambition; blasphemous to the sweetest virtues of their sex, which until now have been accounted both their own pride

and the safeguard of society; holding it no honour to be reticent, unselfish, patient, obedient, but swaggering to the front ready to try conclusions in aggression, in selfishness, in insolent disregard of duty, in cynical abasement of modesty, with the hardest and least estimable of the men they emulate—these women of the doubtful gender have managed to drop all their own special graces while unable to gather up any of the more valuable virtues of men. They are no more philosophical than the most inconsequent sister who judges all things according to her feelings, and commends or condemns principles as she happens to like or dislike the persons advocating them; and they are as hysterical and intemperate in their political cries as if the whole world wagged by impulse only. They are no more magnanimous under rebuke than the staunchest advocate of the sacredness of sex, but resent all hostile criticism as passionately, and from grounds as merely personal, as if they were still shrouded from public blame by the safety of their privacy; and they are as little useful in their blatant energy as when they spent their days in working monstrous patterns in crude-coloured wools, or found spiritual satisfaction in cutting holes in strips of calico to sew up again with a new stitch. They have committed the mistake of abandoning such work as they can do well, while trying to manipulate things which they touch only to spoil; they have ceased to be women, and not learnt to be men; they have thrown aside beauty, and not put on strength.

The latest development of the impulses which animate the epicene sex has taken its expression in after-dinner oratory. If we were as malicious to women as those whose follies we rebuke would have the world believe, we should encourage them to fight it out with womanly modesty and the world's esteem on this line. Their worst enemies could not wish to see them inflict on themselves a greater annoyance than the obligation of getting on their legs after the cheese has been removed, to turn on a stream of verbal insipidity for a quarter of an hour at a stretch. None but men who have something to say on the subject that may be in hand, and so are glad of every opportunity no matter how unsatisfactory, or men who are eaten up with vanity, take pleasure in speechifying after dinner. Its uselessness is apparent; its mock hilarity is ghastly; even at political "banquets," when words are supposed to have some deep meaning, we get very little reality in it; while all the funny part of the business is of the dreariest comedy, the most distracting pretence imaginable. If anything were wanting to show how much vanity prompts a certain class of women in their ways and works, and how tremendous their passion for notoriety and personal display, it would be this assumption of the functions of the post-prandial orator. Indeed they have taken greatly of late to public speaking all round; and some among them seem only easy when they are standing before a crowd, to be admired if they are pretty, applauded if they are pert, and, in any case, the centre of attraction for the moment. We do not look forward with pleasure to the time when ladies will rise after their champagne and port, with flushed cheeks and eyes more bright than beautiful, steadying themselves adroitly against the back of their chairs, and rolling out either those interminable periods with no nominatives and no climax under which we have all so often suffered, or spasmodically jerking forth a few unconnected sentences of which the sole merit is their brevity. In the beginning of things, when the wedge has to be introduced, only the best of its kind puts itself forward; and doubtless the ladies who have already varied the usual dull routine of after-dinner oratory by their livelier utterances have done the thing comparatively well, and avoided a breakdown; but we own that we tremble at the thought of the flood of feminine eloquence which will be let loose if the fashion spreads. Fancy the heavy British matron rearing her ample shoulders above the board, as she lays down the law on the duties of men towards women—especially sons-in-law—and the advantage to all concerned if wives are liberally dealt with in the matter of housekeeping money, and let to go their own way without marital hindrance. Or think of the woman's-rights woman, with her hybrid costume and her hard face, showing society how it can be saved from destruction only by throwing the balance of power into the hands of women, and swamping that rude, rough, masculine element which has so long mismanaged matters by the nobler and brighter instincts of the oppressed sex. Or even think of the coquettish and alluring little woman getting up before a crowd of men and firing off the neatest and smartest park of verbal artillery possible, every shot of which tells and is applauded to the echo. How will men take it all? For ourselves, having too sincere a respect for women as they ought to be, and as nature meant them to be, we do not wish to see them turned into social buffoons, the mark for jeering comments and angry hisses when what they say displeases their hearers, and told to "sit down," and "shut up," with entreaties to some strong man to "take them out of that and carry them home to the nursery," by a hundred voices roughened with drink and shouting. But if women expect that hostile feelings and opinions will be tamed or altogether suppressed in their honour because they choose to thrust themselves where they have no business, they will find out their mistake, perhaps when too late. If they abandon their safe cover and come out into the open, they must look to be hit like the rest. We cannot too often repeat that if they will mingle in the specialities of men's lives, they must put up with men's treatment, and not cry out when they are struck home. In deference to them plain-speaking has been banished from the drawing-rooms of society; but it is too much to expect men

to sit under heavy boredom or fatuous gabble without wincing, and it is childish to ask us to make a free gift of our truth and time to women who outrage one and waste the other. On the other hand, the cheers that would follow if they hit the humour of the hour, or if, being specially pretty or specially smart, they afforded so much more excitement to the guests, would to our minds be just as offensive as the rougher truth, and perhaps more so. The leering approbation of men never over-nice in thought and now heated with wine, such as are always to be found at public dinners, is an infliction from which we should have imagined any woman with purity or self-respect would shrink with shame and dismay. But women who take to after-dinner speeches cannot be expected to be fastidious.

Perhaps it is asking too much of women of this kind to suppose that they will consider themselves in relation to men's liking. They profess to despise the masculine animal they are so fond of imitating, and to be careless of his liking, holding it a matter of supreme indifference whether they are to his taste or not. But it may be as well to say plainly that the disgust which we may presume the normal healthy woman feels for men who paint and pad and wear stays and work Berlin work—men who give their minds to chignons and costumes, who spy after their maids' love-letters, and watch their boys as cats watch mice—men who occupy themselves with domestic details they should know nothing about, who look after the baby's pap-boat and the cinders in the dust-heap, and can call the various articles of household linen by their proper names—the disgust which the womanly woman feels for them is exactly that which the manly man feels for the epicene sex. Hard, unblushing, unloving women, whose ideal of happiness lies in swagger and notoriety, who hate home life and despise home virtues, who have no tender regard for men and no instinctive love for children, who despise the modesty of sex as they deny its natural fitness—these women have worse than no charm for men, and their place in the human family seems to us altogether a mistake. If there were any special work which they could do better than manly men or feminine women, we could understand their economic uses, and accept them as perhaps not lovely outgrowths of a natural law, but at least as necessary and natural. But they are not wanted. They simply disgust men, and mislead women; and those women whom they do not mislead in their own direction they often influence too strongly in the other direction by way of reaction, rendering them sickly in their sweetness, and weak rather than womanly. If the interlacing margins of certain things are lovely, as colours that blend together are more harmonious than those which are crudely distinct, it is not so with the interlacing margin of sex. Let men be men, and women women, sharply, unmistakably defined; but to have an ambiguous sex which is neither the one nor the other, possessing the coarser passions and instincts of men without their strength or better judgment, and the position and privileges of women without their tenderness, their sense of duty, or their modesty, is a state of things that we should like to see abolished by public opinion, which alone can touch it.

ARCHBISHOP TAIT ON HEATHENISM.

OUR readers will hardly need to be reminded that the ill success of missionary enterprise has been a favourite topic of ridicule, at the expense of Christianity, not only with infidels, but with what is technically called "the world." And the fact, however it be interpreted or applied, is no doubt a sufficiently startling one, whether viewed in reference to Scriptural prophecies and commands, or to the vast expenditure of money and personal devotion which has been, we had almost said, wasted on so unproductive a field of labour. Roman Catholic missionaries have confessedly been the most successful, as might have been anticipated, if only from their much more effective organization; yet even their successes have been but short-lived and fragmentary as compared with the huge mass of untouched heathenism, including considerably over two-thirds of the human race. And Protestant missions have been very generally failures, although this country expends annually very large sums on the various missionary societies, as well Dissenting as Anglican. A good many reasons for the striking contrast between the achievements of the ancient, or mediæval, and the present Church in this particular might no doubt be found; but one principal difficulty in the way of our modern apostles of every sect is clearly attributable to the diversity of rival systems, all claiming to represent the pure Gospel, between which their catechumens are called to choose. "S. B. Thākūr," to whom we shall have to refer again presently, tells us plainly that the warfare of Christian sects is a matter of merriment to himself and other educated heathens. And the effect of this rivalry on the heathen mind was almost grotesquely exemplified when King Radema of Madagascar, after oscillating a whole year between the conflicting pretensions of his Protestant and Catholic teachers, died unbaptized, and each party at once charged the other with having poisoned him. However, we are not going to enter here on a discussion of the causes of missionary failures. The fact is patent, and has naturally been the subject of frequent comment, as well from a sympathetic as from a hostile point of view. It was left, however, for the Archbishop of Canterbury the other day, when speaking at a meeting of the Propagation of the Gospel Society at Carlisle, to put the matter in a new and alarming light, by suggesting as a clenching motive for renewed energy in

the work of conversion that, "unless we take some steps, instead of our converting the heathen, the heathen will be converting us." His Grace has been severely taken to task in some quarters for the line he has adopted on the vexed question of the Athanasian Creed, and he may have been desirous to make it clear that he is not altogether indifferent to the importance of dogmatic belief. Be this as it may, he has, as we observed, put the question in quite a new light, and his utterances appear to have considerably disturbed the equanimity of the "Heathen Chinese," whom he evidently thought safe game for the discharge of his double-barrelled gun, if we may judge from the indignant rejoinders of "Ardesheer B. Kapadia," and "S. B. Thākūr," which figured on the following day in the columns of the *Times*. But first let us briefly recapitulate the gist of his Grace's remarks.

The Archbishop started from the obvious consideration that travelling is now so much easier and so much more general than in the days of our grandfathers, that all sorts of strange specimens of humanity, which they could never have witnessed without a pilgrimage to distant lands, are now continually on view in our own metropolis. A single day's walk through the streets of London will afford spectacles which ought abundantly to stir up men's zeal for missionary enterprise. We confess our first impression was that he was about to call attention to the huge mass of moral heathenism to be found among the nominal subjects of his former diocesan jurisdiction, which might certainly suggest a tolerably practical comment on the evils of religious ignorance and unbelief. He proceeds, however, to direct attention to a phenomenon which, if not more impressive, is more conspicuous to the naked eye. If you gaze in one direction you see half-a-dozen carriages conveying the Burmese Ambassadors to Her Majesty's levee, "absolute heathens, who have come to do their homage to the greatness of England." If you go to the Temple, you may find some sixty Hindoos, "heathens in the centre of English civilization," among its members. The number, the Archbishop's critics tell us, should be reduced to twenty. At the East End you find Chinamen smoking opium, and a whole troupe of Japanese. In short, "in our own metropolis we are brought so near heathenism of the worst class"—this seems to be the expression which especially sticks in the throat of "S. B. Thākūr"—"that unless we take some steps, instead of our converting the heathen, the heathen will be converting us." This, the Archbishop adds, is no imaginary idea, for the proximity of the East has infected the philosophy on which the young men in our seminaries feed, and men of learning, from coming into contact with disbelievers in Christianity, have grown more tolerant of its denial, while heathen systems are even finding an echo in the literature and philosophy of this Christian land. It is hard enough to learn that converts are being made from Christianity to Mahometanism in Cape Colony—not there only we are afraid—but it would be far worse to find the influx of heathens into London making converts here. Such is the statement, and we confess there is nothing in it that strikes us as particularly irrational or intolerant. How far the Archbishop was right about the influence of Eastern philosophy on modern English thought we are hardly prepared to say. That there is a school of writers among us whose ideas approximate more closely to a Pagan than to a Christian standard of ethics is true enough, and there are not wanting symptoms among the youth of our seminaries and elsewhere of the approximation being not wholly ideal. But we should have thought that Mr. Swinburne, for instance, drew his inspiration, like the poets and *litterati* of the Renaissance, rather from ancient classical authorities than from China or Hindustan. It is, however, only to be expected that personal contact with various forms of more or less civilized heathenism will have a tendency to diminish any abstract feeling of repugnance, just as there was a marked difference between the feeling of the earlier and of the later Crusaders towards their infidel antagonists; and the moral results of such contact, so far as they go, are exceedingly unlikely to be beneficial. Such, however, is not at all the view of the two distinguished foreigners with whose names we are ashamed to have to confess ourselves previously unacquainted, who have taken up the cudgels on behalf of the calumniated "heathen" against "the High Priest of the Established Church."

Of the two correspondents the first is perhaps the more argumentative, and the second the more abusive, though both of them argue, and neither of them is superfluously polite. We will take "Ardesheer B. Kapadia" first. He begins with a significant allusion to people who are paid for propagating beliefs which they do not themselves believe in, and then makes a direct home thrust by accusing "the High Priest" of propounding opinions "equally remarkable for their inaccuracy and want of Christian charity," which reminds one strongly of the popular indictment against the Athanasian Creed. It is hardly worth while to wrangle over the objects of the Burmese envoys in visiting England, or the precise number of Hindoo students at the Temple, inasmuch as the Archbishop's inaccurate figures do not in the least affect his argument. When, however, his assailant proceeds to dwell on the transitional state of the Indian mind, and the rapid moral and intellectual advance in India which is the product of a liberal education, we do not quite follow him in his inference, "that the religious belief (if by religious belief is meant a system which inculcates doctrines of a future life, charity, &c.) of the so-called heathens is as enlightened as that professed (but not implicitly followed) by the class whose views are echoed by the Archbishop." Indeed we are not sure that we exactly catch his meaning. It

is surely not irrelevant to remark that the liberal education in India to which such salutary effects are attributed is the work of a Christian Government, and that "the doctrines of a future life, charity, &c."—to whatever extent they prevail—may not improbably be in great measure traced to Christian influences too. The last new religion of India is reported to be "the unity of God and good morals;" but then there are unfortunate diversities of opinion as to what is meant by God, and what is meant by morality, which somewhat mar the practical efficacy of this short and simple creed. However, "Ardesheer B. Kapadia" seems disposed to stake the relative value of different religions on a single issue. "These heathens," he tells us, "have toleration for their fundamental creed," and history teaches "that no religion can be considered enlightened which is not tolerant"—two propositions which he apparently fails to perceive are not quite identical. And he winds up by complaining that the Archbishop allows toleration no place in Christianity, and informing his Grace that it is as unlikely for the heathens of London to embrace his belief "as for Mr. Stuart Mill or Professor Tyndall to believe in the commonly received forms of Protestantism." "S. B. Thākūr" in like manner complains of people being called heathen of the worst class "for adopting the views of celebrities like Mr. Mill, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Darwin, Professor Huxley, &c." As no one suspects any of these "celebrities" of believing in the commonly received forms of Catholicism, we can only suppose it is meant to be implied that they have reached a perfection of toleration and enlightenment which supercedes every form of Christianity, and that the Archbishop would do well to emulate so distinguished an example. That, however, is a personal matter which does not concern us here. What does seem rather hard is that every religious system should be set down as intolerant which does not make toleration its "fundamental creed." And this is, in fact, the text of "S. B. Thākūr's" letter also, though he does not put it in exactly the same words as his fellow-heathen, "so called." Now we must confess ourselves to be so unenlightened as to doubt whether that is necessarily the best religion whose fundamental doctrine is that all religions are equally true, or at least equally useful. It is M. Huc, to the best of our recollection, who says in his *Travels* that it was a common form of salutation in China to ask a stranger "to what sublime form of religion he belonged," and, on his specifying his particular platform, to reply, "It is well, religions are many, reason is one." And a somewhat similar notion seems to have struck the Mikado of Japan, if it is true, as was reported the other day, that the Japanese Government has decided, "after careful consultation with the most noted exponents of every sect," to promulgate a new religion which "will be enlightened, simple, and adapted to common sense," and to which everybody will be compelled to conform. This syncretist form of faith might perhaps be worth the attention of our School Boards, and of the various Dissenting and other educational theorists who are themselves desirous, as the Bishop of Peterborough expressed it the other day, of manufacturing "a new religion." But we are not confident of its working so well even as "the commonly received forms of Protestantism," and the moral reputation of the Japanese is hardly such in all respects as to recommend an experiment "likely to meet the approval of all classes" in that country. Toleration is an excellent thing if it means that you are not to burn, hang, or otherwise maltreat your non-conforming neighbours. But a creed of which the fundamental article was the equal merit of all other beliefs would be too like a dietary made up of sugar-candy and rose-water.

There is one other point on which the Archbishop seems to us to be rather hardly dealt with by his assailants. They complain of his identifying Christianity with civilization, and they imply that heathen countries are not less civilized than Christian. This depends on whether civilization has any moral element, or, as Guizot expresses it, whether after all the human species is a mere ant-hill. We are not speaking of tribes like the North American Indians or the Hottentots, which seem incapable of surviving contact with civilized races, but we will take the most cultivated forms of heathenism, such as Mahometanism, which, strictly speaking, must rather be considered a Christian heresy, and what is the verdict of history? It has prevailed for about twelve centuries, and has made large conquests from Christianity, but in every country where it holds sway, in Turkey, in Asia, in Egypt, it has brought decay and demoralization in its train. Neither in the Mahometan, the Buddhist, nor the Brahminical systems are the true dignity of man, the sacredness of marriage, or the rights of personal freedom and of conscience consistently recognized. Everywhere infanticide is common, and woman is treated as a chattel. Buddhism, which dominates some four or five hundred millions of the world's inhabitants, holds out as the highest attainable perfection a state of otiose and unconscious passivity. Brahminism, which combines an abstract Pantheism with the grossest idolatry, knows no rights of man, but only of caste. As for the enlightened theism of which Keshub Chunder Sen has made himself the chief apostle, which is possibly what "Ardesheer B. Kapadia" means by the "doctrine of a future life, charity, &c.," it is as yet hardly on its trial, and, whatever be its value, is simply a mutilated plagiarism from Christianity, with a good many of the "&c.'s" omitted. On the whole, we are not prepared, even under the distinguished sanction of "celebrities like Mr. Darwin and Professor Huxley," to welcome its introduction into England in place of the religion which our "so-called heathen" critics assure us it is impossible for them to embrace.

BAMBERG.

THE modern enlargement of Bavaria to the North has extended the dominion of the house of Wittelsbach over a crowd of spots of the highest interest in German history. Since the general overthrow of things there can be no doubt that the truest "Rex Francorum" has been he who reigns at Munich, though the title would have seemed strange if it had been applied to a Bavarian King who had assumed his kingship under the patronage of a Parisian "Emperor." The old Frankish land, with its hills, its rivers, its vineyards, its walled towns of every scale, from Ochsenfurt up to Nürnberg, was indeed a noble addition to the new-made realm, an addition which might even make up for those changes in geography by which the Bavaria of the modern map no longer, as of old, marches upon Lombardy. It is a land in which the change from even the last age to the present is forcibly brought home to us, when we see how many States, both principalities and commonwealths, which had a separate being within the memory of man, have been swallowed up to form one even among the secondary kingdoms of Europe. Among these the two Bishoprics of Würzburg and Bamberg and the free Imperial city of Nürnberg stand conspicuous. Of Würzburg, the seat of the episcopal Dukes of Francia, we spoke a year ago; a short journey bears us to the younger, but not less stately, seat of episcopal rule at Bamberg. The railway follows pretty closely—after the great bend of the stream at Schweinfurt it follows most closely—the upper course of the Main, till the point where, close below Bamberg, it receives the tributary waters of the Regnitz. The run through the Frankish hills reveals some object of interest at every step; here a height crowned by some happily ruined fortress; here a town which still keeps the walls which were once needed to guard it against those whom the fortress sheltered. There is Schweinfurt, with its walls, its long civic history, its memories alike of Olympia Morata and of Gustavus of Sweden; there is Hassfurt, with its walls and gates, the twin towers of its parish church, and the soaring choir of the knightly chapel; and a crowd of smaller places, each of which has its own interest and its own history. The journey may well end with the queen of all, with the city which a crowd of proverbs set forth as the glory of the Frankish land, episcopal and princely Bamberg itself. The higher part of the city, that which will first meet the eye of a traveller passing from Würzburg by Schweinfurt and Hassfurt, sends up a perfect diadem of towers, the crowns of the episcopal and abbatial minsters, while the houses of the city spread themselves far over the plain below. The great church stands on high, and yet Bamberg is not one of those cities which have grown out of primeval hill-forts. Neither is it a city which has grown up around the church of a bishopric or monastery. When we come to read its history, we find that the cathedral church which soars above the city is of later foundation than the city itself. So it is at Lincoln; but at Lincoln the minster was founded within the most ancient part of the city, and its foundation was one of the causes which made the city come down from the hill-top and spread itself over the lower ground. At Bamberg an exactly opposite process has taken place. The foundation of the cathedral church has caused the city to spread itself from the low ground on to the high. Bamberg belongs to the class of insular and peninsular cities. It may seem strange to compare a spot so far inland with a great haven of commerce; yet the position and history of Bamberg have much in common with those of Bristol. Bamberg is still a city of waters; streams and bridges meet us at every step; rows of picturesque houses line the shore in the less polished quarters of the city; the very *Rathhaus* floats on the water, and one of the bridges passes under its tower. The original town lies between the two arms of the Regnitz, as Bristol lies at the junction of the Avon and the Frome. It has spread itself over a flat suburb beyond the eastern arm, which, to follow out our Bristol parallel, answers to Redcliff and Bedminster, and at the other end it has spread itself beyond the western arm over the high ground answering to St. Augustine's and Clifton. And in both cases modern canals and docks, and changes in the natural course of the rivers, tend to increase the complication of the plan, and to make the watery element in the city yet more prominent. But it is not merely in their position, but in their history and in the results of their history, that Bamberg and Bristol have a likeness. In each case the spread of the city on to the higher ground has been caused or hastened by a great ecclesiastical foundation. At Bristol the Abbey of St. Augustine arose, and in the course of time became the cathedral church of a new diocese. Its place at Bamberg is filled by a crowd of ecclesiastical foundations, cathedral and abbey, collegiate and parochial churches, side by side. But in both cases the result has been the same. The church has sprung up on the higher ground, and the city has gone up after it.

In modern times Bamberg has become a Bavarian possession through the destruction of its ecclesiastical principality. Curiously enough, the gem of Frankenland was a Bavarian possession for a moment before that ecclesiastical principality was founded. The lordship of Babenberg—contracted into the later name of the city—had, after passing through several hands, come into the possession of Henry Duke of Bavaria, the sainted Emperor Henry the Second. Though his gift, in 1007, Bamberg became an episcopal see, with a diocese taken out of that of Würzburg, and the hill above the town, the seat of dominion of its earlier temporal lords, was covered with a crowd of holy places, grouped together as a kind of pattern card of the different classes of ecclesiastical found-

ations. As early as 1012 the episcopal church, the church of St. Peter and St. George, was ready for consecration, and the account in the *Annales et Notæ Bambergenses* (Pertz, xiv. 635) shows that what was consecrated was not a mere unfinished fragment, but a perfect church of the German type, with its choir and altar at each end. The chief altar at the west end ("altare occidentale, quod in eadem ecclesia præcipuum est et principale") was hallowed by Eberhard, the first Bishop of the new see; the eastern altar ("altare orientale") by Erkenbald, Archbishop of Mainz, and a crowd of other altars by the Primate of Köln, Trier, Aquileia, Salzburg, Magdeburg, and "Aschericus Ungarorum Archiepiscopus." The fact is important, as showing that, though the building of a great church was often spread over many years, yet there were cases, like our own Canterbury under the hands of Lanfranc, perhaps our own Waltham under the hands of Harold, when such a work could be pushed on with great speed. But the church of Henry and Eberhard is no longer in being. The care of St. Otto, who, between 1102 and 1139, covered the church with sheets of copper as a defence against fire (*Ebonis Vita Ottonis*, ii. 17) was all in vain; in 1185 (*Annales S. Petri in anno*) church and city were burned. The present church is that which arose after this destruction, and, as its change of style shows, arose far more slowly than the original minster of Henry. We may express the difference by saying that the eastern apse with its towers—for the old plan is still preserved—is Romanesque with some slight signs of the approaching Gothic, while the western apse with its towers is Gothic with some slight traces of the departing Romanesque. Both fronts are rich and striking, but we greatly prefer the solidity of the two eastern towers to the western pair, which are in some degree frittered away, as at Laon. The inside is less satisfactory; the pointed arch never appears to less advantage than when it is set on a massive German square pier, without any attempt at artistic design. In monumental wealth few churches are richer. Not many minsters, even of the highest rank, can boast of the tombs of an Emperor and Empress, a Roman Pontiff, and a German King. In the midst of Bamberg nave, in a tomb of rich but late workmanship, rest the founder and his Empress, Henry and Kunigund, the pair who, like our own Eadward and Eadgyth, forsook their first duty in pursuit of a pretended sanctity. East and west lie two men of really higher fame. The western choir holds the tomb of Suiger of Bamberg, Clement of Rome, one of the virtuous Germans whom Henry the Third sent to reform the corrupted Papacy, and at whose hands he himself received the Imperial Crown. And in the crypt—a crypt of octagonal pillars, diversified by one column with a rich Corinthian capital—lies the crusading King, Conrad of Hohenstaufen, the uncle of the greater Frederick, who, for the good of his Empire, preferred his nephew to his son. Few Papal tombs are to be seen north of the Alps; few churches out of Bamberg can boast as their founder of one who was at once Saint and Emperor. But the union under one roof of a sainted Emperor and a Pope loyal alike to the Empire and to the Church makes the minster of St. Peter at Bamberg unique among the resting-places of the wielders of either sword.

But the zeal and bounty of the saintly Emperor did not stop at the foundation and endowment of the cathedral church. It would seem that, even in his days, the German Chapters had put on that character of disgraceful exclusiveness which made them a by-word down to the day of their fall. The church of St. Peter could receive none but men of noble birth among its members. But to provide for merit of lower degree, the Emperor founded, at no great distance from the episcopal church, on another of the five hills of Bamberg, the church of St. Stephen, also governed by the canonical rules, but to whose foundation persons of all ranks, and seemingly of both sexes, were admissible. The passage of the local writer Heimo (Jaffé, *Monumenta Bambergensia* 545) is worth quoting:—

In eodem loco extra urbem versus meridiem construxit ecclesiam in honore sancti Stephani protomartyris; ut, cum majori—scilicet sancti Petri et sancti Georgii—sole nobiles et eminentiores personæ admitterentur, hic minores et mulieres in Christi militiam ordine canonico locum assumendi invenirent.

And for those who yearned after a stricter life than the canonical rule could supply, the Abbey of St. Michael and St. Benedict arose at the bidding of the Emperor on a third hill to the north of the cathedral church, so that the lower town of Bamberg could look up to three minsters all the work of the same Imperial founder. But St. Stephen's and St. Michael's have now but little left to remind us of the days of Henry. St. Stephen's has been rebuilt Jesuit fashion, all save a tower, seemingly of the fourteenth century, but which keeps the general air of a campanile of the eleventh, and whose pointed windows would seem more in place at Venice or Verona than at Bamberg. But the *Michelsberg* is still crowned by the great abbey church with its two spires, though its subordinate buildings have been first rebuilt and then applied to other uses. Some Romanesque work still remains at St. Michael's, not however of the days of Henry, but of the famous Bishop of the twelfth century, St. Otto, Bishop of Bamberg and Apostle of Pomerania, whose shrine and body still remain in the church which he reared. One picture, by a strange mixture of natural and spiritual genealogy, tells us both of the noble forefathers from whom Otto sprung, and of the bishoprics and monasteries which sprang from him. Other pictures set forth the various scenes of his apostolic life, a life which, written by two admiring biographers, will be found in the Bamberg collections of Jaffé. It is his memory which gives the greatest interest to the place, as the

church is but of little architectural worth, the greater part being of a plain Pointed style without, and hopelessly Jesuited within. But the position is glorious, looking down on the city below and on the hills and plains of Frankenland around.

These are the three creations of the canonized Augustus, standing side by side, each on its hill. Whether Henry and Kunigund dreamed of the days when a successor of Eberhard would rear a princely palace hard by the greatest of the three, still more that the successor of Eberhard should be at the same time the successor of Boniface, holding the sees of Mainz and Bamberg in plurality, may well be doubted. But the tale of the ecclesiastical foundations of Bamberg was not yet told. The Imperial foundations all stood on the heights. The sixth Bishop Günther, who sat from 1057 to 1063, turned his thoughts to the lower regions, and, through his bounty and that of a noble named Reinhold, another church, with its Provost, its Dean, and the other members of a German Chapter, arose in honour of St. Mary and St. Gengulf, beyond the city at the other end, beyond both the streams and both the bridges, in the quarter which, still carrying out our English parallel, answers to that of St. Mary Redcliff. The church, at least a later one on its site, survives, but, though St. Gengulf has two towers and St. Mary Redcliff has only one, in this case at least the Continental building can hardly venture to enter the lists with the insular one. The next Bishop Hermann returned to the heights by his own throne, and began the foundation of yet another collegiate church of St. James, which was finally consecrated by St. Otto in 1109. This is in some respects the most interesting of the churches of Bamberg. Its single remaining tower and its choir have been rebuilt, but the original nave and transepts are still there, the nave being a perfect basilica, with a long arcade resting on seven true columns on either side. Carve out the plain cushion capitals, and this nave might hold a place at Lucca; fill the void space between arcade and clerestory with mosaics, and it might hold a place in Ravenna itself. We are again reminded that we are within the dominions of a power which stretched from the one sea to the other when a church in the middle of Germany, consecrated by a Bishop who carried the word of life to the shores of the Baltic, reminds us at the first glance of the forms which we have seen by the Adriatic and the Tyrrhenian Sea.

Thus was Bamberg, as its local historian boasts, surrounded on every side, as in the form of a cross, with the churches and the patronage of saints ("Sic locus Babinbergensis ecclesiis et patrocinis sanctorum in modum crucis undique munitus"). But all these holy places stood without the original city; St. Gengulf beyond the river, the others on the heights. In the original peninsula there arose a few small monastic foundations of later date, as houses of Friars arose on the slopes of the upper city also, but the ecclesiastical greatness of Bamberg was all gathered outside of the original town. The central part of the city now contains only the single parish church of St. Martin, a building of the Jesuit style, while an upper parish church, with a choir of great stateliness, arose among the monastic and secular foundations on the hills. The whole make such a range as is seldom seen. To the ecclesiastical historian no range can be more interesting; the student of municipal history may perhaps be tempted to contrast episcopal Bamberg with civic Nürnberg, and to say that, even on their own ground, in the very raising of ecclesiastical buildings, the commonwealth outdid the Bishop, save when the Bishop was backed by an Emperor. Certain it is that, save the cathedral itself, no church in Bamberg can compare to St. Lawrence and St. Sebald at Nürnberg.

Let us add that the see of Bamberg, secularized in 1802, arose again in 1821 with lessened temporal, but with increased ecclesiastical, rank. St. Peter's is now a metropolitan church, and the Archbishop of Bamberg of the new foundation has as his suffragans the Bishops of the far more ancient sees of Speier, Eichstadt, and Bamberg's own parent Würzburg. In nothing has the world been more thoroughly turned upside down than in German ecclesiastical geography.

BRIGHTON LICENS.

THERE would seem to be something in the air of fashionable watering-places unfavourable to the prolonged residence of distinguished visitors. It is not that the air itself does not agree with them, but that it has an effect on other people very detrimental to their comfort. We learn from the French papers that M. Thiers has been much distressed at Trouville by the too demonstrative attentions of a number of persons who appear to have made their escape from the lunatic asylums in which they were confined expressly for the purpose of paying their respects to the President of the Republic. One of M. Thiers's admirers, who is popularly known as the "Fou de Trouville," has obtained the distinction of being arrested on account of his invidious admiration for the saviour of France for the time being. But Brighton in this respect is hardly better than Trouville. The two lions of the British Association, Mr. Stanley and the Emperor Napoleon, have both been put to flight. Mr. Stanley, while narrating some of his adventures at a dinner party, heard, or fancied he heard, a titter at one end of the room, and immediately rushed off, and took the next train to London. It may perhaps seem surprising that a traveller who has successfully encountered the dangers and miseries of African travel should be so morbidly sensitive to the *taetas* of criticism. It may be some consolation to Mr. Stanley to be reminded that he is not the only great traveller whose tales

have not been received with immediate and implicit credence. There is a passage in Boswell's *Life of Johnson* with regard to Bruce, the Abyssinian explorer, which should convince Mr. Stanley that it is certainly not because he is an American that he has been subjected to a style of criticism which he finds unpleasant:—

Dr. Johnson told me [says Boswell] that he had been in the company of a gentleman whose extraordinary travels had been much the subject of conversation. But I found he had not listened to him with that full confidence without which there is little satisfaction in the society of travellers. I was curious to hear what opinion so able a judge as Johnson had formed of his abilities, and I asked if he was not a man of sense. Johnson—"Why, sir, he is not a distinct relater; and I should say, he is neither abounding nor deficient in sense. I did not perceive any superiority of understanding." Boswell—"But will you not allow him a nobleness of resolution in penetrating into distant regions?" Johnson—"That, sir, is not to the present purpose. We are talking of sense. A fighting-cock has a nobleness of resolution."

It appears that Mr. Stanley also resents the observation of the President of the Geographical Section, that what was most wanted was precise geographical data, and not sensational stories. It is hardly worth while to inquire whether a narrative in this fashion—"I had to get there; I got there; there was a deal of killing"—can properly be characterized as sensational; but Mr. Stanley will probably admit, on reflection, that all the world was not bound in the first instance to believe that Livingstone had been discovered because a Correspondent of the *New York Herald*, of whom nobody knew anything, sent a vague telegram to that effect, followed by a ludicrously incoherent and blundering summary of some of Dr. Livingstone's old despatches, which had been published several years before. Letters from Livingstone of a recent date have since been received, and have placed beyond question the success of Mr. Stanley's enterprise; and there should now be no hesitation in doing justice to the spirit and dexterity with which he accomplished his mission. It may be true that the road he took was an easy caravan route, and of course this is a free country, and everybody is entitled to believe as much or as little as he pleases of the details of Mr. Stanley's growing narrative. But at least it does not become Englishmen, especially after the miserable collapse of the Livingstone Expedition, to underrate the perils or difficulties of a journey which none of their countrymen have had the courage to undertake. Mr. Stanley went out, as he said, not as a geographer, but as a newspaper Correspondent, and he brought back what his employers wanted, which was certainly not geography. It may be suggested, however, that, under these circumstances, Mr. Stanley is hardly justified in resenting his not being taken for what he does not pretend to be. "Nobleness of resolution" is not necessarily accompanied by a scientific understanding. It is not stated what effect was produced on Brighton by the news that the Correspondent of the *New York Herald* had suddenly departed, but it is possible that the event did not seriously disturb the equanimity of the inhabitants. Happily Mr. Stanley soon repented, and when he appeared at the Mayor's dinner on Wednesday everybody took care not to laugh. It was probably felt that there would be time enough to laugh when Mr. Stanley had gone.

As far as we can judge, "the young African lion," as he is familiarly called by those who profess to be his friends, seems to have suffered rather more from the newspaper reporters who dogged his steps, and overheard his talk, and decoyed him into private places to pump "copy" out of him, than from the indiscreet gentleman who laughed at the wrong place. Nor did the ex-Emperor escape a similar infliction. It has been suggested that his Majesty was driven away by the crowd which continually gathered under his window: but the Grand Hotel does not stand in the most secluded part of Brighton, and it is difficult to imagine any place where a distinguished personage who wished to be well stared at would be more likely to take up his quarters. We are rather surprised that we have not yet seen in any of the Imperialist journals an account of the "ovations" to which the Emperor was treated by the enthusiastic British public. It is conceivable that an ex-Emperor who has been leading a lonely life in a dull country house might not altogether dislike the flattering curiosity of the multitude; but a crowd at one's door is a very different thing from an intrusion of impertinent visitors into one's private room. It appears that on Saturday one or more reporters took the Emperor by storm, and insisted upon hearing from his lips a frank and candid statement of the intentions of the Emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia in meeting at Berlin. It was to no purpose that the poor gentleman repeatedly assured his guests that he knew absolutely nothing about the matter, and had no better means of knowing than anybody else. "It is impossible for me to know," he said, "what the precise object of their Imperial Majesties may be," and it may reasonably be supposed that their Majesties have not thought it necessary to take their fallen brother into their confidence on the subject. The account of this interview, which is given by one of the reporters in the *Daily Telegraph*, shows that the ex-Emperor had really nothing to say. "The Emperor," it is admitted, "did not express in definite and explicit terms his views upon the general result of the meeting at Berlin;" yet his visitors had no difficulty in forming a "distinct impression" of his meaning. It is one of the advantages of the system of interviewing that even the most perverse reticence on the part of the person operated upon does not necessarily interfere with its success. The reporter can always report his own questions at full length, along with any "distinct impressions" he may choose to fasten upon the vague, random words, or

even the looks, of his helpless victim. "I put it to him"—this is the usual style—"I put it to him whether," and then follows half a column, or thereabouts, of the reporter's own twaddle. "He looked at me, moved uneasily, but said nothing. That look, that movement plainly conveyed," and then we have another dose of idiotic or impertinent conjecture. Mr. Stanley seems to have gushed copiously on the gentlest provocation, but the Emperor required more dexterous handling. We are not informed what questions the "Fou de Trouville" intended to put to M. Thiers if he had not been arrested on the stairs; but they could hardly have been more silly and ridiculous than those which the Correspondent of the *Telegraph* addressed to the ex-Emperor at Brighton. The Correspondent primed himself for the attack by mastering a profound article in an evening paper, pointing out that if the Emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia could each get what they wanted without fighting, there would be peace; but if they could not, there might some day be war. It is tolerably obvious that the three Emperors think fighting may at least be avoided for the present, or they would not take the trouble of meeting to settle a common line of policy; and one would hardly suppose that any rational creature required to be told that no congress of potentates can furnish an absolute guarantee for everlasting peace. Having gone over the heads of this article, the Correspondent asked the ex-Emperor to furnish the company with an outline of Prince Bismarck's secret policy with regard to France. Napoleon replied very frankly that it was impossible for him to know what the Emperors had in view. He added that he could only answer the question whether they were likely to take France into their reckoning, by asking whether there was anything in the present attitude of the French Government to supply Germany with a pretext for taking precautions against it. Under some further pressure, Napoleon, still protesting his utter ignorance of the designs of Prince Bismarck, which will be readily believed, went on to hint that M. Thiers evidently meant mischief to Germany, and, as a Protectionist, was no friend to England. The ex-Emperor refrained from pointing the too obvious moral of his little parable—that it would be a fine thing for Europe to have somebody at the head of affairs in France who would make things pleasant all round. The Correspondent observes that Napoleon's "voice, according to some, may yet again be the most powerful in Europe"; but it can hardly be supposed that Napoleon himself labours under the delusion that the Powers either would or could put him back on the throne to keep the French down. It is still more incredible that the Emperor should imagine it to be for his interest to have this notion spread about through France.

It seems to us that there is a twofold impertinence in this system of interviewing—an impertinence as regards the person who is expected to make a clean breast of his secrets in this manner, and an impertinence as regards the public, which is supposed to be foolish enough to care for disclosures which are worthless unless properly authenticated. It may be interesting to know that the Emperor thinks Brighton "a delightful place," but it is difficult to say whether it is more absurd to suppose that he knows all Prince Bismarck's secrets, or that, if he had been taken into the Prince's confidence, he would share them with the first newspaper reporter who forced himself into his hotel. It seems to be understood that a certain relaxation of conventional proprieties is allowed at the sea-side which would not be tolerated elsewhere, but journalists should at least remember the respect they owe to their own calling and to the public. It is to be hoped that the Emperor may find protection against interviewing in the Isle of Wight, and that Mr. Stanley may also obtain a respite from his too diffuse admirers.

AN ELECTION BY BALLOT.

"THE eyes of the world" are no longer fixed upon Pontefract, which must be very satisfactory to that borough. It is a difficult matter to satisfy the ideal expectations formed with regard to the constituency which has had the fortune of first testing the provisions of the Ballot Act. Pontefract during last week gazed with astonishment upon the foreigners who swarmed about its streets and asked innumerable questions, which were certainly not uncalled for, to judge from the querists' previous acquaintance with the subject. Letters must be written and materials must be found. Many of the Correspondents, whose personal luggage consisted of a pair of spectacles and a copy of the Ballot Act, had rushed down at a moment's notice, and hardly knew in what county they were. Pontefract had a castle, and a king had been murdered there. Had he in any way furthered the introduction of the Ballot, or patronized the cultivation of liquorice? What was liquorice, and where did Lord Mexborough live? Mr. Childers had accepted office, but how, when, and why? Such were the problems which had to be solved; any story was good enough for the ingenuous inquirers; the discussion of the dissyllabic or trissyllabic pronunciation of the borough as bearing upon the merits of the Ballot furnished another fertile topic. In spite, however, of all this wealth of material, the task of these enterprising gentlemen was a difficult one; they were not permitted to inspect the booths during the process of voting, greatly to their astonishment; the Yorkshire dialect puzzled them; they wrote an elaborate account of a high functionary, and found out too late that he was the bellman; they deduced the educational condition of the borough from the architecture of the school buildings, and went so far as to read the local newspapers. In this way

a great amount of information was given to the public, and two or three statements were often correct out of ten.

Two circumstances combined to give a special interest to the election—namely, the bitter personalities made use of, and the working of a new Act, although with regard to the latter we cannot regard this occasion as any criterion of what we may expect in the future. Political parties have always been pretty evenly balanced at Pontefract, and previously to the general election in 1868 a disposition existed to allow each party the possession of one seat. It was only at the strong instance of the newly enfranchised electors that a contest was set on foot at the dissolution, an impression being prevalent at Pontefract, as elsewhere, that the Reform Bill of the preceding year would largely increase the number of Liberal votes. The result of the polling showed that matters were very much as they had been before. The contest of 1868 was a political one; that of last week was simply personal. "You did—I did not"—was the form of argument employed in order to enlighten the electors. Lord Pollington attacked Mr. Childers in his address. Mr. Childers rejoined, and the subsequent disclosures will long supply the West Riding with gossip. The controversy was a very pretty one; there was the lie with circumstance, and the lie direct; "much virtue lay in an If, but If the only peacemaker" was absent. On the day of the poll appeared Lord Pollington's last contribution to this literature unique in electioneering annals, in which he says:—

If I was a fool in 1868, if I was a "staunch Liberal" in 1868, if in 1868 I believed Mr. Childers to be a gentleman who would be incapable of divulging what he calls the purport of a private conversation, who would be incapable of reading in public a letter which I believe is marked "private," and which I in no manner disavow, is that any reason why I should not when I grow wiser, when certain evidence has proved to me that my opinions on those subjects were erroneous, is that any reason why four years later I should not stand before you as a Conservative candidate?

Strange as it may seem, we do not believe that this exposure had much influence upon the votes of the electors, for there is more than ordinary joy over the accession of a penitent Liberal to the Conservative ranks, who is precluded from making any more changes in his political convictions. It may have been a strong temptation to Mr. Childers to discredit his opponent, having such damning evidence at his disposal, but we venture to think that it would have been in better taste for a man in so powerful a position to make no use of such controversial weapons. It no doubt was extremely annoying to a Minister seeking re-election at the hands of a constituency which he had represented thirteen years to be opposed at such a time and in such a manner, but the private conversation and letters of his adversary ought not to have been required for the purpose of gaining the seat. Lord Pollington aggravated matters by giving a contradiction to the first story. Had he regretted that publicity had been given to a private conversation, frankly admitted that he had changed what he called his convictions, and omitted all mention of his father's name, the production of the letter would have been obviated, and the contest deprived of half its bitterness.

The repose of Pontefract was very mortifying to the newspaper reporters, who trusted to have some opportunity of describing a fight before they returned home. It would take far more than an election to disturb the peace of that ancient borough, which, as the whole world is now aware, contains within its limits Knottingley, Ferrybridge, Newtown, Monkhill, Carleton, Pontefract Park, and Tanshelf. Knottingley has always been the Conservative stronghold; to the bargeman in his fur cap and fur waistcoat, just on his way to, or just come back from, Goole, political topics are profoundly uninteresting. He is inclined to support the "third man," as a new candidate is usually called, on the grounds that to the third man are due the drinking and the bribery which, in spite of Lord Houghton's contradiction, have been fondly looked upon as characteristics of a Pontefract election. The Knottingley voters are sailors rather than landmen, and present a strong contrast to the shrewd-faced inhabitants of Pontefract, who are quite as capable of judging of many questions as their representatives, and are no unfair specimens of West Riding intelligence. The contrast in point of education between the two divisions of Pontefract and Knottingley is brought out very strongly by an analysis of the poll. In the district of Pontefract 1,009 electors were on the register; of these 703 voted, 86 being illiterate. In the district of Knottingley 932 electors were on the register, of whom only 545 polled, the number of illiterates being 115. Twelve per cent. appear therefore to be uneducated in Pontefract, whereas the proportion is as high as 21 per cent. in Knottingley. Those who did poll were probably the more intelligent of the inhabitants, and we have little doubt that one-fourth of the gross number of voters in this latter district would be found unable to read. This is not a pleasant fact to contemplate as one of the results of the Act of 1867, for if the same proportion holds good in all other constituencies, one-sixth of the political power at present enjoyed is in the hands of illiterate persons. Attention has been already called in our columns to the small number of votes recorded in comparison with the election of 1868, when 132 more votes polled in the district of Pontefract, and 177 more in that of Knottingley. The friends of the Ballot have endeavoured to ascribe this indifference to special circumstances, but we cannot help thinking that it is chiefly to be attributed to the want of interest felt in the new method of voting. The labourer engaged in harvesting was not likely to give up a day's pay for the pleasure of exercising the franchise, nor was secrecy of voting very palatable

to the recipient of bounties in past years. Nothing could be duller than the Ballot—"dull, beyond all conception dull"; the policemen yawned in the face of the perplexed voter as they ushered him into the presence of the Vehmgericht who explained his mysterious duties, and then relapsed into a moody silence when their victim had been hurried away. At one time fears were expressed lest there should prove to be a deficiency of accommodation, but they proved wholly groundless. During the last hour more bottles of beer entered the polling-booths than voters, and the interest in the proceedings had completely died away. Advantage was taken of the permission accorded by the Act to use school-rooms to a very great extent, as out of the five polling-places four were held in schools of various denominations, the fifth being in the Town Hall. This was far from being satisfactory, as in the district of Knottingley the three polling-places were in the centre of the town of Knottingley, all within a few hundred yards of each other, and consequently more than a mile distant from the houses of many of the voters. This objection did not apply in so marked a degree to the district of Pontefract, although a polling-place on the Tanshelf side of the town would have been more convenient. The calculations made concerning the average number of voters who polled at the different booths have not been verified. At Booth I. 353 voted, while in Booth V. there were only 105 votes recorded.

With regard to the illiterate voter much dissatisfaction prevailed. An educated voter, polling quickly and meeting with no obstruction, could record his vote in half a minute; on the other hand, one gentleman, who must be reckoned as the king of illiterates, is reported to have occupied twenty minutes in performing his duty to his country. Various suggestions have already been made to remedy this difficulty; but the most practical came from a Pontefract constituent, who recommended the adoption of a paper coloured blue and yellow, an attachment to one of these two colours being frequently the only political conviction of which the voter's mind is capable. We suppose it would be impossible to disqualify the illiterate voter, or to hope for a moment that any educational test might be required from those who exercise the franchise; a separate booth, however, might be provided for his accommodation, and in case this tended to discourage him from voting, or to cast a stigma upon ignorance, such a contingency could hardly be looked upon as a misfortune by the community at large. Owing to the distance of Knottingley from Pontefract, the voting-papers were not collected until five o'clock; and owing to the fact that the Mayor, who performed his duty with singular decision and ability, counted them himself, being naturally desirous that no mistake should occur in the first election under the new Act, the result was not known until three hours afterwards. As the 48th rule of the first schedule declares that "in the case of a contested election for any county or borough, the returning officer may, in addition to any clerks, appoint competent persons to assist him in counting the votes," there is no reason to believe that there will be any delay in future elections. Much has been said concerning the quiet of the proceedings under the new system; but we do not believe that what took place at Pontefract is any criterion of what may be expected generally. There was just as much excitement and noise last week as in 1868, and in large towns the concentration of all the hopes and fears and speculations of the day into a single moment may not improbably lead to scenes which will rival any that have occurred under the old system. The crowd at Pontefract is always a good-natured one, party feeling does not run very high, the number of electors is very small, and we cannot think that the borough will serve as a very valuable precedent in the annals of the Ballot. No doubt certain small defects will be remedied; a ballot-pencil will perhaps be invented, the point of which will not break when the whole weight of a sturdy elector is leant upon it; the board upon which he writes will perhaps be planed, and the sepulchral character of the arrangements somewhat modified. What political lessons there are to be learnt from the Pontefract election are unpleasant ones. Lord Pollington can only look back with pain and regret at the position he occupied, while Mr. Childers's success is not one to make Liberal candidates hopeful for the future. Nothing could be more disgusting than the attitude assumed by the opponents of the Contagious Diseases Acts. The agitation on behalf of disease knew no bounds. Little boys and girls distributed papers of filthy import on all sides, in which the most audacious statements were made, and factory girls as they went to their work speculated aloud upon the examination of women. Three females devoted themselves to the propagation of these tenets, and conducted the bitterest opposition against Mr. Childers. Latterly, however, a reaction set in, and a meeting composed of women, and presided over by a person of the name of Butler, was brought to a premature conclusion by the sprinkling of Cayenne pepper in large quantities, and the intrusion into the room of a body of electors. It is as well that future candidates should know that an acquaintance with these subjects, and a capability to solve the most hypothetical cases, will be imperatively demanded from them. Unless some resistance is made against the clamours of these indecent Menads, this species of interference by deputations will become more common, and recantations of opinions in obedience to some pressure of the moment will become a general feature at elections. To unite the votes of a Liberal constituency will, it may be feared, be almost an impossibility at the next dissolution. The 25th clause of the Education Act has alienated a certain number of Nonconformists to whom compromise and conciliation are unknown. The prospect

indeed is not an encouraging one for those Liberals who may have opinions of their own, and who decline dictation at the hands of small sections of their party.

PREPARING FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

THE preparations for the Autumn Manœuvres are steadily advancing, the Northern army being busily engaged at Aldershot in taking its gallops, and the Southern force being occupied about Elandford in getting the greatest possible amount of enjoyment from its quiet military pic-nic. The greater part of the invading army has been at the rendezvous for a week past, but until two or three days ago everybody was allowed to take things leisurely, and merely to look forward to division and brigade drill and outpost duty. It is to be regretted that, as the Southern army has had so little to do, the Northern army was not moved nearer to the scene of action; for, active as the new generals may be, expeditions from Aldershot cannot afford the training to secure which autumn manœuvres were instituted. Neither, we fear, can the latter, under present arrangements, yield all the results which might reasonably be expected; and the cause is not far to seek. Owing to the system of scraping troops together from all parts of the kingdom, there must be for some time a certain amount of rawness and want of homogeneity which cannot fail to interpose obstacles to manœuvring rapidly and with precision. A brigade, a division, and a *corps d'armée* ought each to be solidly organized bodies; they actually are but a fortuitous agglomeration of tactical atoms. Outside each regiment and battery everything is new and strange. The generals do not know their staff, the latter are unacquainted even with the persons of commanding officers, and the Southern army, at all events, is very much in the same position as was the Channel Squadron a fortnight ago. Even the Aldershot force, which we had fondly imagined was a permanently organized and complete division, ready to take the field bodily at a moment's notice, is to be sent to the manœuvres under new conditions. Every brigade has been more or less broken up, fresh corps have been added to the force, and comparatively few of the general and staff officers of the original division remain with it now that it has been developed into a *corps d'armée*. But we have urged so frequently the advantages of a permanent organization, and the arguments in its favour are so obvious, that we suppose it would be a waste of time to write anything further on the subject. We may, however, be permitted to make a few remarks on a kindred matter. It would seem to be only reasonable that the generals and the staff officers appointed to take part in the manœuvres should be either men of ascertained merit, to whom it was considered advisable to give opportunities of practice, or men believed to be capable, but whom it was desired to test. Some, however, of those nominated on this occasion are men of whom we do not think anybody will venture to assert that they realize either of these conditions. Could we hope to do any good by speaking more plainly on this point, we should not hesitate to do so; but nominations could not now be cancelled, and we shall be satisfied if we succeed in impressing on the authorities the necessity of making a more careful selection next year. The matter is undoubtedly one of the highest importance. Skill in handling troops is in these days more than ever required. Hitherto the bulldog courage of the British soldier has continually got his general out of a scrape; but we must no longer rely on this resource. Our leaders must, therefore, be the best men we can find. We fear, however, it is impossible to pretend that the best men have in all instances been selected to take part in the coming manœuvres; and consequently, as regards generals, the campaign will not be a real preparation for war. To employ in these manœuvres men who would certainly not be employed in case of real peril and difficulty is to commit the blunder of training men who would never be permitted to put their training into practice.

Nor is this the only point on which we feel bound to express our dissatisfaction with the pending arrangements. The authorities take considerable credit to themselves for having organized a system of regimental transport, and are under the delusion that in this instance at least they have closely followed the example of Prussia. The imitation is, however, only superficial. To each Prussian regiment on a war footing is assigned a certain number of train soldiers. These, however, are dispensed with in time of peace, and when present are always kept to their special duty, and are reckoned, like hospital orderlies, as non-combatant additions to the fighting men. We, on the contrary, take in an infantry battalion fourteen non-commissioned officers and men, and a proportional number in the cavalry, from the already too small number of fighting men, and employ them as drivers. The consequence is that the public are under a delusion as to the real number of actual combatants in each battalion, and believe that our army is much stronger than it really is. The average strength in non-commissioned officers and men of the battalions about to take part in the manœuvres is not far from 550, and from this we take two per cent. for transport work, which deduction, added to that of the other men in regimental employ, seriously weakens our already attenuated regiments. The whole system, indeed, of permitting a disagreement between our paper and our real strength is most pernicious. The public, for instance, learn that a British general has 30,000 infantry under his command, and they expect, not unnaturally, commensurate results; whereas in reality he can probably only place 24,000 men in line of

battle. And there is yet another argument against the system which is now being introduced. We enlist men of good stature and strength, train them carefully in drill, rifle-practice, and field-engineering, and teach them to take advantage of cover and to perform outpost duty with vigilance and intelligence. We then order them to undertake work for the proper performance of which no part of their training is in the least essential. In short, we first make a soldier of a man, and then employ him as a waggoner. We carefully set the razor, and then use it for cutting slate-pencils. In an infantry soldier size is an advantage. In a driver the reverse is the case. As, therefore, we do not find it easy to keep up the standard of height and chest measurement, common sense suggests that we should enlist none but short and light, but strong, men as drivers, reckon them as supernumerary to the fighting men, and train them as drivers only. These remarks apply with even greater force to the cavalry, inasmuch as a dragoon is longer in making than an infantry soldier. Moreover, notwithstanding that our regiments are absurdly under-horsed, and that a trooper cannot be trained in a day, cavalry corps are compelled to furnish horses as well as men for their own transport. Either all this is a very bad system or it is an egregious sham. It is the former if it is intended to practise it in actual war. It is the latter if it is only to be viewed as a temporary expedient. In either case we can only regard it as a grave mistake.

The programme of the campaign may now, we believe, be regarded as definitely settled. On the 5th the outposts of the two armies will be in contact on the river Wiley. On the following day will be fought the first battle, probably about Codford. The 11th will be a day of rest, and on the 12th the march past will take place on Beacon Hill, some four or five miles north-east of Amesbury. This arrangement apparently confirms the current impression that the Northern army is predestined to defeat, for, if successful, how would it be possible to fix any place near Amesbury as the rendezvous for the 12th? Whether it be correct or not, the rumour that the result of the campaign is already decided cannot fail to deprive the officers and men, of the Northern army at least, of all real interest in the operations. Indeed we have already heard of complaints on the subject, and it must be admitted that such complaints are thoroughly reasonable. It shows a strange ignorance of human nature so to arrange matters that half the force will enter on the campaign with no other feeling than one of profound boredom. We are aware that, at the very best, open-air Kriegspiel can never be a good imitation of war, but surely no endeavour should be spared to render it as realistic as possible. The contrary plan would seem to have been pursued on this occasion. A cut-and-dried programme is clearly an utter sham, and the careful examination of the whole district by the rival generals before the arrival of a single battalion is no better. Everything indeed appears to be done to render the evolutions round Salisbury as unlike real war as possible. It would have been easy and natural to fix some line of demarcation, and to insist that it should be passed by neither officer nor man until the actual commencement of the campaign. As the case stands, reconnoitring will be, as regards the ground, a perfect farce, for each commander will know from personal observation all that his patrols can have to tell him. In the matter of tactics we are glad to say that a slight improvement has taken place since we last touched on the subject. The Northern army will not go into the field without, at all events, a system of tactics which is considered to be worthy of trial. We believe that its chief feature is that an infantry attack should be made as follows:—A battalion throws out one or more companies to skirmish, and an equal number to act as supports, entire regiments of course backing up the whole. The skirmishing company at first only sends out its best shots to skirmish, gradually sending up additional men as the range diminishes, till at length the whole company is broken up. By this time, or shortly afterwards, it is assumed that the enemy's position has been almost reached, and at the critical moment the company in support makes a sudden rush in close formation and aligns itself for the decisive stroke with the skirmishers. The idea is not a bad one, but in our opinion the final blow ought to be dealt by a larger body than a company. Any system is, however, better than none at all, and the military authorities are therefore to be congratulated on the progress they have made.

In conclusion we desire to call attention to something of scarcely less importance than tactics. We refer to a point of discipline. In this respect we seem to have gone back since last year. An order was issued a short time ago limiting the amount of baggage to be carried, and forbidding officers to take their regimental mess into the field. This order has not, to our knowledge, been cancelled, but as regards some corps it has been simply ignored. Now a huge mess marquee is scarcely an object which can be overlooked by a general, and as its appearance is in this case an indication of distinct disobedience of orders, it ought certainly to have been greeted with a severe reprimand to the commanding officer. But if the general winks, the colonel may well shut his eyes. Such an incident is much to be regretted. In the first place, if an order is not to be sternly enforced, it should not be issued at all; and in the second place, it would certainly have been good practice for officers to mess as they would have to do on service. The art of taking care of oneself is generally very assiduously cultivated, but when, after having been taken care of in a particular matter by others for a series of years, one is suddenly thrown on one's own resources, one is apt to feel somewhat awkward. We know a

general officer now living who, from want of being accustomed to rough it, was nearly starved during the Waterloo campaign. Curiously enough, he belonged to the same portion of the service which furnishes the chief offenders at Blandford.

REVIEWS.

LIFE AND LABOURS OF MR. BRASSEY.*

ONCE, when Johnson was talking at Streatham with more than usual brilliancy, Boswell said to Mrs. Thrale, "Oh for shorthand to take this down!" "You will do it as well" the lady replied; "a long head is as good as shorthand." Sir Arthur Helps, having no opportunity of recording Mr. Brassey's conversation, has induced many persons who knew Mr. Brassey well to give evidence, as he calls it, which has been taken down in shorthand, Mr. Thomas Brassey acting as examiner. The biographer understands his business much too well to exhibit to his readers the raw material which he has made up into a readable and not uninteresting story. To the world in general Mr. Brassey is known as a great contractor, who amassed a large fortune; and it must have been generally believed that he was an able man of business. That he was much more than an ordinary employer of labour, and that the elements of his success were moral as well as intellectual, is clearly proved by Sir Arthur Helps's account of his history and character. Mr. Brassey appears to have been one of the kindest and one of the justest of men; and a natural disposition which inclined him to place a liberal confidence in those around him was eminently serviceable to him in the conduct of complicated transactions which were necessarily entrusted to numerous agents. His birth and all the circumstances of his education and his life were highly favourable. He was the representative of an ancient family which had some generations before subsided from the rank of gentry to become substantial yeomen. His father possessed a considerable freehold, which seems to have been kept in the family from the time of the Conquest; and he was also a tenant-farmer on a large scale. Mr. Brassey left a school at Chester at the age of sixteen to be articled to Mr. Lawton, a land-surveyor, who admitted him to partnership as soon as he was of age. The firm were agents to Mr. Price of Bryn-y-pys, then owner of the site on which Birkenhead now stands; and before he was thirty, Mr. Brassey had, by the death of his partner, become sole agent for the property. He had previously been employed as a surveyor in the construction of the Holyhead road; and a negotiation about some stone from a quarry under his management procured him the acquaintance of Mr. George Stephenson, who encouraged him to tender for a contract on the Grand Junction line. Mr. Stephenson's successor, Mr. Locke, invited Mr. Brassey to aid in the construction of the London and Southampton Railway; and from that time his reputation and resources enabled him to contract for some of the greatest public works in England and in foreign countries. Having thoroughly mastered the details of his business, he knew, with the elasticity of practical genius, how to apply his attention, as his transactions became larger, only to the general superintendence of the works which he undertook. No man comprehended more fully the inexpediency of worrying subordinates by minute interference. Every agent and sub-contractor was allowed and encouraged to discharge his duties in his own way, provided that the result was satisfactory. In the same spirit Mr. Brassey avoided all wrangling with the Companies for which he constructed works; he never made excuses; he scarcely ever asked for an extension of time; and when a misadventure occurred, he was more anxious to repair the damage than to adjust the liability between himself and his employers. In all his enormous engagements he never but once had a lawsuit. The liberality which characterized all his dealings both with capitalists and with the persons whom he employed would have been politic and profitable if it had not proceeded from a large and generous nature. It may be added that his virtues were of the kind which are nourished and ripened by prosperity. He acquired great wealth early in life, so that he could give way to his natural bent without rashness or inconvenience. In any circumstances he would have been upright, and he would have been loyal to his associates. A great contractor, like a medieval leader of mercenaries, requires an army of officers and privates to be constantly at his disposal. He must not only possess capital and professional skill, but he must also have a staff of agents, of engineers, of sub-contractors and workmen ready for any enterprise for which he may be engaged. Mr. Brassey's feelings coincided with his interest in producing extreme reluctance to part with those who had once served him, whether they were skilled assistants or simple navvies. Great forethought and judgment must have been used in adjusting his numerous undertakings in such order as to provide constant occupation for subordinates who were numbered by thousands.

Sir Arthur Helps has with sound judgment procured and inserted a list of the contracts in which Mr. Brassey had a share in partnership with many other persons. So zealous a stickler for organization and accuracy would have done well to give the capital as well as the railway mileage, and to add up tables of figures which extend over several pages. In correction of one part of the biographer's omission, it may be stated that, with his

* *Life and Labours of Mr. Brassey.* By Arthur Helps. London: Rall & Daldy.

partners, Mr. Brassey constructed 8,000 miles of railway, as well as many other works, including the Victoria Docks, the Northern sewer in the main drainage of London, and the Thames Embankment. The cost of the whole must have exceeded 150,000,000*l.*, and it may be roughly guessed that Mr. Brassey undertook on an average half of each contract. "There were periods in his career during which he and his partners were giving employment to 80,000 persons, upon works requiring 17,000,000*l.* of capital for their completion." With a laudable desire to gratify legitimate curiosity, Sir Arthur Helps states the total amount of Mr. Brassey's profits. His percentage of profit was, according to his biographer, only three per cent. "He laid out seventy-eight millions of other people's money, and upon that outlay retained about two millions and a half. The rest of his fortune consisted of accumulations." It has not occurred to Sir Arthur Helps that the figures which he has given bear little relation to one another. Three per cent. would be not only an unremunerative return, but an actual loss on trading capital. The sum of two and a half millions earned by professional exertion has little or nothing to do with the capital which may chance to be employed, except as forming a part of the expenditure. On the large capital which he invested in his undertakings Mr. Brassey must have made far more than three per cent. In many of his works the contractors accepted a large portion of their payment in shares, finding, to that extent, all the capital required. During the financial crisis of 1866, of which he was, among the great contractors, one of the few solvent survivors, Mr. Brassey was subject to liabilities on the Victoria Docks for 600,000*l.*, on Danish railways for 800,000*l.* He held unsaleable bonds of the Lemberg and Czeronowitz Company to the amount of 1,200,000*l.*, and he had taken shares, which were for the moment worthless, in payment of works from several other Companies. On the Lemberg line he had to pay from 40,000*l.* to 50,000*l.* a month for wages, and interest to shareholders at the rate of more than 120,000*l.* a year. The war between Austria and Prussia added to his difficulties; and one of his agents had once to run the gauntlet on an engine between the sentries of the hostile armies. Nevertheless he contrived to finish the line four months before the agreed time; and consequently he was immediately able to place upon the market bonds of which he held more than a million. A trader who conducts business on this gigantic scale is primarily a capitalist; and the fortune which Mr. Brassey, after many heavy losses, is reputed to have left, was not more than an adequate return for his outlay and for his skill and labour. He was in the habit of expressing his determination not to retire from business, because, as he said, "It requires a special education to be idle, or to employ the twenty-four hours in a rational way without any particular calling or occupation. To live the life of a gentleman, one must have been brought up to it." He added that if he were forced to retire he would take to farming, and "weigh his stock every day, comparing their increase of weight with the cost of their food." In that or any similar occupation he would probably have made a little fortune. With his usual liberality of thought he admitted that fortunes, however large, might be suitably spent by those who had been brought up to it, but "the fatigue of spending 30,000*l.* a year would drive me mad." Unluckily for himself Mr. Brassey had never acquired the habit of reading; but he liked to collect knowledge from conversation, and he had a wholesome love of sight-seeing, from galleries and museums to the soldiers at the Horse Guards. Though not a speaker himself, he took pleasure in hearing speeches, and his favourite orator was Mr. Disraeli.

Although he was a punctual and voluminous letter-writer, his correspondence naturally related to matters of business, and a few letters which are inserted in the biography are entirely without interest. Sir Arthur Helps has not been able to preserve any record of Mr. Brassey's conversation, and consequently, notwithstanding all his efforts, the portrait which he has drawn remains vague and indistinct. Those who knew Mr. Brassey best appear to have considered him nearly faultless, except in the venial tendency of yielding too readily to the wishes and arguments of promoters of doubtful enterprises. The defect in his character was probably connected with the unsuspicious simplicity which must have contrasted strangely with the unscrupulous coarseness of many speculators and adventurers with whom he must have been constantly brought in contact. A great railway contractor has the greater merit in being harmless as a dove because those with whom he is forced to deal are often cunning as serpents. The widespread ruin which was caused by the failure of many of Mr. Brassey's competitors and associates was in few cases the result, as far as they were concerned, of innocent misfortune. The most interesting chapter in the volume is contributed by Mr. Thomas Brassey, who alone among the biographer's informants was better acquainted with his father's personal character than with his mode of conducting business. It is satisfactory to learn that Mr. Brassey had not only a disinterested love for applications of mechanical ingenuity, but a genuine taste for architecture and sculpture, while in consequence of some peculiarity of temperament he took less pleasure in painting. The colouring and texture of porcelain, the lines of a well-designed ship, and almost all other beautiful objects were appreciated by him with genuine zest. "I think," says Mr. Thomas Brassey, "I ought to allude to the admiration which he was wont to express for the troopers of the Household Brigade, their stature, their horses, and the style in which they always turn out." He approved of the Imperial system in France, and at home he inclined to Conservatism, but he never attempted to interfere with the political opinions of his

sons, both of whom belong to the Liberal party in the House of Commons:—

He was graceful in every movement, always intelligent in observation, with an excellent command of language, and he only here and there betrayed by some slight provincialisms in how small a degree he had in early life enjoyed the educational advantages of those with whom his high commercial position in later years placed him in constant communication. . . . In all he said or did he ever showed himself to be inspired by that chivalry of heart and mind which most truly ennoble him who possesses it, and without which one cannot be a perfect gentleman.

As one of his humbler admirers remarked, "If he had been a parson he would have been a bishop, and if he had been a prize-fighter he would have worn the belt." One of his assistants considers that he pays a high compliment to Count Cavour, who took an active part in the introduction of railways into Northern Italy, in describing him as the best man of business he ever met with the exception of Mr. Brassey. In a world of disappointed hopes, of stunted careers, and of faculties ill-adjusted to employment, it is an agreeable thought that one happy owner of a sound mind in a sound body experienced a life of uninterrupted prosperity in the exercise of useful functions which he was pre-eminently qualified to discharge. The works which were constructed during Mr. Brassey's lifetime are perhaps almost equal in magnitude to those which before his time existed in the world; and the largest share in the necessary organization and application of labour devolved by a natural fitness on the most practical, the most prudent, and the most liberal of contractors.

Sir Arthur Helps has almost entirely overlooked the great financial operations in which Mr. Brassey must have been engaged in his later years. It may be presumed from the result that in this department of business also he was skilful and sagacious. It is a comparatively simple matter to calculate the cost of works in money, as in the case of undertakings which are promoted at their own cost by Governments, by great capitalists, or by existing and solvent Companies. The railway extension of the last twenty years has been to a large extent undertaken at their own risk by contractors and other capitalists, who, in consideration of a high rate of anticipated profit, accept payment in shares, which they afterwards place in the market at their own discretion. No commercial enterprise can be more legitimate in itself, although the complications and legal fictions which such contracts frequently involve have in many instances enabled dishonest adventurers to defraud creditors and independent shareholders. The practice and its results have caused much misconception of the statistics of capital outlay, and have consequently added to the confusion of thought which generally characterizes popular lucubrations on railway economy. Many lines have been constructed for three-fourths or for two-thirds of the nominal expenditure, the residue representing the real or ostensible profits of the contractor and of the capitalists who have provided him with funds on terms corresponding to the greater or less hazard of the speculation. In almost every treatise on railway matters the figures which merely represent a balance of accounts are confused with the sums which have been actually sunk in works, materials, and labour. In Sir Arthur Helps's thoughtful and instructive remarks on the conditions of railway enterprise he displays a want of perfect familiarity with some of the elements of the question. His observations on the conduct of business, and on moral and intellectual points of character, are always valuable and interesting.

LORD STANHOPE'S MISCELLANIES.*

LORD STANHOPE'S present collection of *Miscellanies* is in the strictest sense a collection of odds and ends. He has brought together pieces of various lengths, on various subjects, in various languages, and of very various degrees of interest. They are also by various authors, some of them being Lord Stanhope's own writing, and others the writing of various other people. They embrace subjects as remote from each other as the administration of the younger Pitt, the influence of Arabic philosophy in mediæval Europe, a somewhat perplexing incident in the life of Lady Mary Montagu, and the question whether the Latin *viola* really means what we call the violet, and not rather the iris. The pieces of Lord Stanhope's own, a few essays and lectures from various quarters, are much of the character of his writings in general. They show taste and reading; they are clear and straightforward, without a particle of pretence or affectation; they show something that may be called elegance, something even that may be called thought, but hardly anything betokening the attribute of strength. The last piece in the volume on the subject on which so many have written, the legends of Charlemagne, is exactly an example of what we mean. It is pleasant and graceful enough, but the subject is not treated as it would be either by a comparative mythologist or by a scientific historian. One is half angry to see such a subject taken in hand without a reference to the mutual light which, by help of the comparative method, the Homeric legends and the Carolingian legends throw on one another; and this, though Lord Stanhope, just like Mr. Gladstone, is for ever hovering on the borders of the comparative method, without ever quite getting within the pale of safety. Lord Stanhope never quite sees, though he seems to be always on the point of seeing, that the Charlemagne of French romance is to be looked on as a pure being

* *Miscellanies*. Collected and Edited by Earl Stanhope. Second Series. London: John Murray. 1872.

of romance, to whom the historical German Emperor Charles has given a groundwork of personality and little more. He thus misses the great lesson to be drawn from this series of romances—namely, the light which these legends which we can compare with contemporary history throw on other legends which we have no contemporary history to compare with. And to our generation it seems grotesque to see the founder of modern Europe spoken of in a half-patronizing way, and to find him measured by the man who set himself to burlesque him:—

On no period of history however have these legends settled more closely or in greater numbers than on the era of Charlemagne. That great Sovereign might well make a powerful impression on the popular mind. His dominion was as extensive as that of Napoleon, and indeed almost contemporary with it, while the duration of his reign was about threefold. The excellence of his civil institutions enhanced the glory of his military exploits; and he looms high above the series both of his predecessors and of his descendants.

We follow Lord Stanhope better in his arguments about the iris and the violet, which, subject to the judgments of botanists, strike us as very much to the purpose. We can thank him too for a paper written forty years ago, headed "On a Fabulous Conquest of England by the Greeks"—by Greeks being understood an Eastern-Roman army under Belisarius—which illustrates a subject that has since been more fully handled, namely, the relations of the English in the early days of their settlement in Britain towards the rest of the world, and especially towards the New Rome. Belisarius invades, not Britain, but England—*Εὐκλῆριπα*, a country which is very naturally governed by a *Πῆξ*, as we cannot expect the Byzantine writer to allow an English King the title of *Βασιλεὺς*. Now out of this it would be easy to put together a story the parts of which fit together so well that it is hard not to believe one's own invention. The presence of Belisarius in Britain is witnessed to by the existence of an encampment between Cambridge and Aldreth, known as Belsar's Hill. That his presence there led to a conquest of the island is witnessed by his offering to the Goths Britain in exchange for Sicily, a sure sign, to all minds but that of Mr. Lowe, that he was then in possession of Britain. The motive of the invasion is easily explained. Do not Gibbon and Byron severally bear witness to the presence of Vandals in Cambridgeshire at dates earlier and later than that of Belisarius? This accounts for the work which records him being found in that particular part of Britain rather than in any other. Having overcome the Vandals of Africa, he naturally went on to complete his conquest by subduing the outlying colony in Britain. This of course happened in the interval between the Vandalic and the Gothic Wars. Thus, when the Gothic War began he was in a position to offer Britain to the Goths in exchange for Sicily. No piece of circumstantial evidence ever hung better together.

A certain amount of curiosity is awakened by the first piece in the volume, which deals with a strange story about Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Horace Walpole in 1751 had got hold of a tale of Lady Mary being kept in durance somewhere in Northern Italy, and that, he was pleased to add, by a lover, who had "taken it into his head to keep her close prisoner, not permitting her to write or receive any letters but what he sees." To the mention of the lover there is the answer that Lady Mary was at this time sixty-one years old, though of course the rejoinder is possible that Queen Elizabeth had much love made to her after that age. Now it seems that among Lady Mary's papers there was found a long narrative in Italian, which Lord Stanhope decides to have been her own composition, though not in her own handwriting, about Lady Mary being kept, not indeed in actual confinement, but under "a system of fraud and falsehood, and, quite at the end, of intimidation," which, according to Lord Stanhope, "supplied its place." The doer of all this, whatever it was, was a certain Count Palazzo. Now the first Lord Wharnccliffe, Lady Mary's great-grandson, asked Lord Stanhope whether, when he was editing her works, he ought to publish this paper as the true explanation of the matter to which Horace Walpole's bit of scandalous gossip referred. Lord Stanhope gave him the common-sense piece of advice to publish it by all means. His words are worth quoting:—

The question is not, you will observe, whether or not you shall bury all these transactions in oblivion, but whether, when once stirred and glanced at, you shall throw upon them all the light your papers allow, or else leave some future critics and reviewers—no very charitable race—to surmise that the papers must contain something too shocking to publish.

Now it seems that Lord Wharnccliffe was actually so foolish as not to follow Lord Stanhope's advice, and the end has been that the paper has been lost without any copy having been made of it. But Lord Stanhope has lighted on a paper in the State Paper Office in which Mr. John Murray, the English Minister at Venice in 1756, writes to the Secretary of State that "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu has been for some years past, and still continues, in the hands of a Brescian Count, who, it is said, plunders her of all her riches."

Another paper contains a correspondence between Lord Stanhope and Mr. Ticknor about a wild story of Miss Seward's as to the execution of André. According to Miss Seward's story, Washington entreated André to urge General Clinton to give up Arnold in exchange for himself, and, according to the same tale, Washington tried to save André's life, but, Commander-in-Chief as he was, was out-voted by the court-martial. This last story is of course absurd on the face of it, but it is something that Lord Stanhope has got hold of a letter written by Alexander Hamilton, then one

of Washington's aides-de-camp, to his future wife, in which he says that he had himself tried in vain to get André's sentence changed from hanging to shooting, and adds further, "It was proposed to me to suggest to him the idea of an exchange for Arnold, but I knew I should have forfeited his esteem for doing it."

There are also a good many letters passing between the younger Pitt and Lord Temple in 1783, in the last of which, dated December 23, Pitt says:—

I called just now to tell you that we have taken the step of filling up the offices. Lord Sydney and Lord Carmarthen have taken the Seals, and the Duke of Rutland Privy Seal, for how many days or weeks remains to be seen.

On this Lord Stanhope adds a note:—

It proved to be not for days or weeks, but for years—and seventeen of them, so far as Mr. Pitt was concerned.

In another set of letters, chiefly by Lady Hester Stanhope—the same, we believe, who afterwards led so strange a life in the East—we get a picture of Mr. Pitt in quite a new character, namely in that of a colonel at the head of his regiment. In this capacity we read that he "exposed himself to the easterly winds late in the evening, attending his duty not as a soldier and Colonel of a regiment, but more like a drill-sergeant." "Nobody," we further read, "is so like an angel when he is extremely ill, and few persons less tractable when a little ill." Lady Hester spoke her mind freely on most matters. When the Northamptonshire and also the Berkshire militia both came to Walmer in 1804, she draws a marked and invidious distinction between the two. The Berkshire contingent, to be sure, was in some unexplained way under Lady Hester's own command, as were also "the famous 15th Light Dragoons":—

I never saw any Militia regiment so well officered, or composed of such pleasant men, as the Berkshire. A Northamptonshire squire is not pleasant in his own country, and does not improve with transplanting, but the regiment is a fine body of men.

Perhaps more interesting than any other part of the volume are two groups of letters which give us the views of several men of more or less eminence with regard to the politics of their own times. First come a group of letters headed, "The English friends of the French Revolution," consisting of letters which passed between the then Earl Stanhope, one of the small body of "friends" just mentioned, and three correspondents in France, the Duke of La Rochefoucauld Liancourt, M. François de Nantes, and the better known Etienne Dumont of Geneva. Lord Stanhope points out that the two former of his predecessor's correspondents afterwards became less revolutionary in their ideas, and were members of the Chamber of Peers under Louis the Eighteenth and Louis-Philippe severally. What the letters are, as Lord Stanhope says, most remarkable for, is the sanguine hope with which, even in 1792, the writers looked forward to a good time coming, and the calmness with which they discuss various proposals of reform in detail, as the respective advantages of permanent courts of justice in the different districts, and of judges going circuits in the English fashion. The one letter on the English side is very well worth notice, as in it Lord Stanhope pleads on behalf of the French priests on the general principles of religious equality. Later on in the volume we find several letters from Sismondi to the present Lord Stanhope, from 1835 to 1841. In 1839 Sismondi makes some remarks on the condition of Switzerland, which was then in a transitional state, the cantonal governments having been made democratic, while no change had yet been made in the Federal Constitution. Thus the democratic governments of Zürich, Bern, and Luzern exercised in turn those powers of the *Vorort* which the Federal pact had given to those three Cantons. Sismondi, though assuredly no lover of oligarchies, complains that Federal affairs were not so well managed during this interval as they had been when the Constitutions of the three directing Cantons were more aristocratic. This we can easily believe. Sismondi does not scruple to call the Federal pact as it then stood absurd, and it certainly became so after the change in the cantonal Constitutions. The warmest friend of democracy must allow that democracies, and especially Swiss democracies, have not commonly shown their best side in positions involving anything like authority or pre-eminence over other States. Sismondi died in 1842, six years before the establishment of the Federal Constitution which the Swiss people the other day refused to change, and which we could wish that he had lived to see at work. Sismondi also speaks his mind upon English affairs, and vehemently blames the policy of England in Syria and in China. Two passages from his letter of May 23, 1841, are worth quoting:—

Il y avait de votre part, my Lord, une bonté toute particulière à songer à moi au milieu de cette crise qui ébranle aujourd'hui votre pays, et que je contemple de loin avec une curiosité triste, avec tremblement, sans oser faire des vœux pour personne. Il n'en aurait pas été de même il y a une année. Mes sympathies étaient alors toutes pour les Whigs, pour des Ministres en qui j'avais le désir du bien, du progrès, quoique je ne fusse pas toujours sans inquiétude sur leurs expériences. Mais leur politique étrangère, les guerres injustes et cruelles dans lesquelles ils ont précipité la nation, ont fait une révolution en moi.

The other passage refers to the Opium war in China:—

La guerre de la Chine me cause un sentiment d'horreur et de pitié plus profond encore. Il me semble voir diriger des colonnes d'infanterie et d'artillerie sur les écoles de l'enfance: c'est une horrible boucherie que le massacre d'être qui n'ont aucun moyen de se défendre. Une guerre est déjà jugée quand on voit des millions d'hommes tués d'un côté, quelques individus blessés de l'autre. Et puis le motif de cette guerre; le commerce d'opium

et le commerce des nègres sont deux forfaits d'égale noirceur; de même c'est le sacrifice à la cupidité des droits du bonheur, de la vertu, de nations entières.

There are also some letters from Mr. Hallam. It is curious to hear him saying in 1841 that "the repeal of the Corn Laws would give but a temporary relief and aggravate the disease. But," he adds, "it will probably be expedient to modify the present duties, which have always struck me as rather too high." He speaks of the great position of Peel in 1842. He wishes in 1844, at the time of O'Connell's trial, for a Court of Appeal other than the House of Lords. He doubts about the retention of the Scottish Church Establishment, and adds:—

I doubt whether there is one man on the continent of Europe who would not condemn the Irish Protestant Church as an abuse. But I am far from saying that the whole O'Connell would cease to follow the ship if this tub were thrown to him. It would probably do much more harm than good.

The next year he writes:—

The Reform Bill chiefly, with other circumstances, has given us a constitution that does not work well. The annual complaint, that much is talked and little done, will recur more and more. The great cause is that nothing is thought too trifling to occupy the time of Parliament, and no Member too insignificant to bring it forward. The whole executive power is thus thrown into the House of Commons; not, indeed, *quâ* executive, but so far as deciding what ought to be done, or what has been done rightly.

He holds that Private Bills would in many cases better go to some other tribunal, and also Railway Bills. On the one thing which has been transferred from the House of Commons to another authority—namely, election petitions—he does not, in the letters printed by Lord Stanhope, say anything.

CHINESE-ARYAN AFFINITIES.*

ALMOST simultaneously with the appearance of Mr. Edkins's recent work on *China's Place in Philology*, which has already been noticed in these columns, a treatise covering precisely the same ground reaches us from a different quarter; and the fact may be hailed as a welcome token, not only of the growing interest which Chinese studies now inspire, but also of a wide addition to the area of knowledge accomplished within the last few years. Dr. Gustave Schlegel, who holds the post of Chinese interpreter to the Dutch Government in its East Indian possessions, is already favourably known as a Sinologue through the translations and *opuscula* on Chinese subjects which he has issued from his pen; and in the treatise now before us he has sought, by following the rigorous methods of the German school of philology, unhappily too much neglected in his predecessor's work, to trace the affinities between the Chinese and Aryan root-sounds, which, like Mr. Edkins, he is convinced may yet be elucidated. The study of this problem, obscure though its details may be, and faint as are the indications that can safely be relied upon, has nevertheless its favourable side for the scholar and philologist. If the Chinese language has suffered through being arrested in its natural course of development, as Rémusat has suggested, through the premature formation of an ideographic method of writing, it is not the less true that we owe to this fact the preservation of primitive forms of speech in a degree unequalled elsewhere. To the same circumstance is due the maintenance of a system of transcribing sounds which perpetuates, and in many cases explains, the origin of ancient pronunciations; so that in Chinese the philologist finds patent to his eye those archaic peculiarities which in almost all other languages he is compelled to use serious efforts to recover. The monosyllabic character of Chinese, so far from constituting an element of an irreconcilable diversity with the Aryan family of languages, is now seen to offer special inducements for investigation by the comparative philologist, since the primarily similar nature of languages such as Sanskrit and Hebrew has become more fully ascertained; and to this task Dr. Schlegel has applied himself, under the light afforded by the instructive labours of Pott, Curtius, Bopp, Benfey, and the more recent Continental writers. In his preface, dated Batavia, June 1872, Dr. Schlegel notices the recent publication of Mr. Edkins's work, the lack of scientific method and information displayed in which he deplures in terms similar to those which we have ourselves heretofore employed; and it is only fair to the Dutch scholar to observe that he shows himself perhaps strongest in precisely those qualifications in which our countryman is deficient. Quoting as the motto of his work Welcker's saying, that "the succession of analogies gives force to conviction, just as lengthening the lever adds power to mechanical effort," Dr. Schlegel seeks to connect the monosyllabic root-sounds of Chinese with the corresponding Sanskrit roots and their acknowledged affinities. Amid much that we must hesitate to admit as satisfactorily proved, a considerable number of new and striking analogies are undoubtedly brought forward in the prosecution of this task. The simplest concrete forms are naturally those to which we look as having been the first to become distinguished by appropriate sounds; and, onomatopoeia apart, it is among these that radical affinities may the most successfully be looked for. Thus, to take a few examples, Mr. Schlegel observes that in Chinese

the generic name for the horse is *ma*, and that of the mare likewise *ma* [but written with the radical "female" beside the primary character]. In the Amoy dialect the horse is called *bé* or *bū*. In Japan it is called *u-ma*, in the

Loo-choo Islands *ma*. In Mongolian the suffix *ri* is added to the root *ma*, and the horse is called *mo-ri*, whence are certainly derived the Anglo-Saxon *meor*, the old German *merihā*, *marah*, Old Celtic *marca*, Bas Breton *marc*, Gaelic *marc*, Lithuanian *merga*, German *Mähre*, English *mare*, &c.—P. 12.

The affinity of the words quoted from European languages with the Mongolian *mo-ri*, if not their derivation from it, as somewhat negligently put by Dr. Schlegel, is extremely probable, and the connexion of this root with the Chinese *ma* is supported by strong analogies; whilst the same may be said of a large number of other radical sounds which Dr. Schlegel has analysed and compared. Great ingenuity is displayed in his attempt at solving a problem which has long defied the efforts of philologists. The root of *ἀλώπηξ* (*vulpes*) has been sought in the Sanskrit *lopāka* or *lopāpaka* (the jackal), signifying "the eater of carrion"; but against this suggestion Professor Schmidt-Göbel has acutely urged that inasmuch as the fox is pre-eminently a clean-feeding animal, the identification lacks assurance. Pott and Grimm have avowed themselves at fault on this point of etymology, the former suggesting that *vulpes* may be referred to the prefix *vi* (dis) and the root *lup* (scindere); whilst Grimm would derive *fuchs* from the ancient Norse *fax* (hair), as signifying "the hairy one." Dr. Schlegel, however, points out that in Chinese one of the names given to the fox is *fuh*, a character

composed of the radical signifying an animal, and the compound *fuk*, to crouch, thus indicating the crouching beast, an excellent designation for the fox, which moves forward only in a crouching and furtive manner. The ancient pronunciation of this character was *puk*. At Amoy the character is pronounced *hak* and *pok*, at Canton *fuk*. Now from this word may very plausibly be derived the Goth *fauhō*, the German *fuch-s*, English *fox*, Lith. *lape* (diminutive *la-puk-as*), Greek *ἀλώ-πηξ*, &c.—P. 19.

An analogy which is perhaps more obvious than the foregoing is discovered for the first time between the designation *pek*, pronounced in archaic Chinese *puk*, *pok*, or *pik*, denoting the cypress or *conifera* in general, and the Greek *πικύς* (*pinus*), and its affinities, the German *fichte*, Lithuanian *puzis*, &c., for which, as Curtius has observed, a root *puk* must be presupposed, although none has yet been brought forward in Sanskrit.

Leaving this elementary branch of his subject, we find Dr. Schlegel in his third chapter, under the heading "Semasiology, or Affinity of Ideas," displaying a high degree of acuteness, combined with original research, in the comparison of significations as well as of sounds in Chinese and Aryan roots. In this task he is aided materially by that quality of the Chinese language upon which we have already dwelt—viz., the pictorial or ideographic form of the written character. Not alone have the sounds of its primitive pronunciation been preserved, but an index to their meaning has in a still greater degree been retained, a result which merely phonetic writing can obviously not afford. To this clue Dr. Schlegel resorts as a means of tracing the early identity of *ideas* which led, as he contends, to the formulating of roots that appear alike in the Chinese and Aryan tongues. To use his own expression, he

seeks to rediscover in a multitude of roots the primitive and derivative significations that have become developed from this fundamental idea, which will be the best means of convincing men of science with respect to the kinship between Chinese and the Aryan languages.—P. 55.

Having in view the object thus defined, a great number of Chinese sounds, such as *kap*, *hap*, *bak*, *mut*, *pan*, *lut*, &c., are examined and connected by a more or less plausible chain of reasoning with Sanskrit roots and their acknowledged derivatives. It would be impossible without a free use of the Chinese written character, which unhappily has not yet become numbered among the resources of European typography, to do justice in quotations to Dr. Schlegel's elaborate treatment of this branch of his subject; but we may call attention to what is perhaps its most important section, involving as it does a novel and well-supported theory connecting the term *Arya* itself with one of the most ancient designations applied to themselves by the Chinese race. Every Sinologue is aware of the difficulties which surround the interpretation of the word *li*, or phrase *li-min*, = the *li* people, occurring in some of the most ancient portions of the Shoo King, or Book of History, to which an antiquity equal at least to that of the earliest portions of the Vēdas can with certainty be attributed. Native commentators have acknowledged their inability to recover the primary meaning of this term, and in apparent despair the signification *black* has been attributed to it. Hence the expression "black-haired race" has become arbitrarily adopted as the rendering of the phrase *li-min*, but this interpretation has always been admitted as open to much doubt. It is well known that an etymological connexion exists between the character *li* and the idea of agricultural labour (as indicated by its component parts), and in more than one native dictionary its identity with a character having the same sound and the meaning "to plough" is actually pointed out. At the conclusion of an exhaustive process of comparison, in which, for the reason assigned above, we are unable to follow him in these columns, Dr. Schlegel sums up with the declaration of his conviction that

the character *li* in *li-min* should be translated as "the ploughing people," and not as "the black-haired race"—a meaningless designation, since all the yellow races of Asia have black hair, and the Chinese could not possibly have given themselves this name by way of distinction from other races inhabiting China, with hair of a different colour, as Biot and Legge have supposed.

Per contra, we find that the Chinese race was the *only one*, among all its neighbours, having *pur excellence* an agricultural character, and the Chinese may therefore well have entitled themselves "the ploughing people," in

* *Sinico-Aryaca, ou Recherches sur les Racines primitives dans les Langues chinoises et aryennes. Étude philologique par Gustave Schlegel, docteur en philosophie, etc. Batavia: 1872.*

distinction from their nomad and pastoral neighbours of the Tatar or Sythic race.—P. 163.

In support of this novel and interesting theory Dr. Schlegel would link all Indo-European words which designate the plough and its uses, and which contain the root *ar, er, or, ir*, with the Sanskrit *ri* or *ri*, signifying "to cut or hurt." This he identifies with the Chinese root *li*, sharp, ground to a point, whence are derived the compounds also pronounced *li* with the signification to plough, &c. From this basis Dr. Schlegel seeks to derive the renowned designation of our linguistic forefathers, the prehistoric invaders of Hindostan. If we accept this view, we must part of course, however reluctantly, with the meaning hitherto attributed to the root *ri* in *Arya*; and while ceasing to call the Chinese "the black-haired race," it would be no longer possible to believe that the Aryans gave themselves the title of the "exalted" or "noble" people. Few points in philology indeed have been more strenuously debated than this; and the striking etymological reasons assigned by Dr. Schlegel for his version of the title *li-min* are worthy of full consideration by Sanskrit as well as by Chinese scholars.

While recognizing with approbation the scientific method pursued by Dr. Schlegel, and the extensive research he has brought to bear in the treatment of his subject, we would nevertheless not withhold our opinion that the time has scarcely yet arrived for the expression of authoritative views on the subject of Chinese radical sounds. The course of study most creditably introduced by Mr. Edkins (apart from the mere theories enunciated in his late production), with the object of tracing and fixing synthetically the ancient forms of pronunciation, requires to be carried greatly further before we can feel sure that the necessary foundation for constructive work has been safely laid. Chinese literature is by no means deficient in writings of an archaeological character; and the language has even its philologists, whose labours, although cramped within the narrow circle of exclusively national research, have been justly compared with the undertakings of men such as Bopp and Grimm. Twan Ta-ling and other native etymologists will render important services to the successors of Messrs. Edkins and Schlegel, whilst at the same time the gradual growth of the Chinese written character, with its numberless ideographic changes and phonetic transitions, remains to be studied and classified before we can hope to possess that degree of certainty in our premises without which comparative philology becomes a snare indeed. Equally needful is it that the Chinese dictionaries be resorted to for accurate knowledge of the origin whence individual words are historically derived. This necessary information they supply in a remarkable degree, notwithstanding which it has been strangely neglected by writers for whom it is of the first importance. Hundreds of Chinese characters, especially the names of concrete objects, owe their existence in the language to the fancy of this or that poet or translator, upon whom the exigencies of rhyme or tone, or phonetic difficulties connected with the task of rendering the Sanskrit and Pali records of Buddhism into Chinese, imposed at different periods the necessity of inventing some special written symbol. The Buddhist translations of the Han and T'ang dynasties notoriously swarm with characters of this description, partly ideographic and partly phonetic, and unless great care be exercised the comparative philologist may be led into basing upon one of these modern innovations theories which only the unquestionable antiquity of word and sound could justify. Another branch of study which still remains to be more actively pursued is that of the archaic forms of pronunciation still lingering in the spoken dialects of modern China. Dr. Schlegel has made great use of the existing dialect, or rather language, of Amoy, which is known to exhibit close coincidences with a very ancient form of Chinese pronunciation, and of which he is, we believe, a proficient speaker; whilst Mr. Edkins, on the other hand, has usefully explored the peculiarities of many of the dialects of Central China. The labour of a lifetime might yet, however, be bestowed upon this department of inquiry. The languages spoken at dialectic centres such as Canton, Amoy, Foochow, and Shanghai, all of which present notable differences in essential points, such as initial and final sounds, the modification of vowels, &c., have indeed been examined with care, and to some extent compared and classified; but all that has been done as yet in this respect is trifling beside the labours which philology still requires. In some of the minor local dialects of Kwangtung alone, archaic peculiarities may be found in full vigour which have already disappeared from the "Canton dialect" or recognized provincial language. This has alone been utilized thus far in the work of philological analysis, but, archaic as its pronunciation is in comparison with the language spoken in Northern China, it is less in harmony with the ancient sounds than several of the dialects, scarcely known to Europeans, which still occupy large tracts of country in the provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangsi. Thus, for instance, the Cantonese *t'o* is represented in a dialect spoken at no great distance from the provincial capital by the sound *h'oh*, where the ancient consonantal ending is clearly preserved in full force; whilst, in like manner, the initial *ch* and *ts* of modern Cantonese (as in *chan* and *tsin*) are represented in the more tenacious local dialect by the *t* of the ancient Chinese. We cannot err in recommending this field of study to the attention of Chinese philologists, and there can be no doubt that Dr. Schlegel's scholarly and suggestive work will stimulate research in this important respect.

THE TALES OF CHARLES PERRAULT.*

THERE was a time when the whole of that department of folklore which, Teutonically speaking, comprises the "Märchen" as distinguished from the "Sagen," was represented in the world of letters by the few stories associated in France with the name of Perrault, and in England with the more mythical name of Mother Goose. At the present day, when the popular tales of all countries are compared with each other, and the work of comparison takes a course parallel to that of modern philology, we find a Cinderella and a Blue Beard in various ages and countries, and, in the eyes of studious inquirers, the myths that enlivened the nursery lose their definite outline amid the crowd of similar phenomena. Every German *savant* who publishes his volumes of "Volksmärchen" appends to each tale an elaborate note which tells how something similar has been made known in the first instance by the Brothers Grimm, the patriarchs of this species of investigation, and afterwards by the host of collectors who severally direct their attention to the old-world utterances of the Teutonic, Slavonic, or Latin nations.

Nevertheless, in the popular mind the tales of Perrault hold a place which completely separates them from other embodiments of fairy mythology, even from the *Arabian Nights*, which were first rendered familiar in Europe by his countryman and contemporary, Antoine Galland. Indeed, with the exception of "Aladdin," the "Forty Thieves," and perhaps "Sindbad," we are inclined to think that the stories related by Scheherazade are known only to the more literary section of the juvenile public. As for the tales of the Countess d'Aulnoy, although Mr. J. R. Planché, both by re-editing them and by reproducing them on the stage, has, with missionary zeal, endeavoured to render them universally familiar, they may be classed among the pedantries of childhood. But crass must be the ignorance of that urchin who, having attained the advanced age of ten years, has never heard of "Cinderella," or of "Little Red Riding Hood"—the "Cendrillon" and the "Petit Chaperon rouge" of Charles Perrault. It is notable too that these and other stories in the same collection are associated with no particular costume. All who have read the "Forty Thieves" figure to themselves Ali Baba as a man with a turban, and Aladdin as a *gamin* of China. They were foreigners; they were of the East, Oriental. But who save an archaeologist would ever inquire after the country which gave birth to Cinderella, or the particular wood which nurtured Red Riding Hood's destroyer? In the popular imagination, the small-footed young lady who rode to the ball in a transformed pumpkin is certainly not Asiatic; a Cinderella presented on the stage with Turkish trousers would provoke the wrath of critical juveniles. But all the kingdoms, duchies, and republics of Europe are open to her for the choice of a birthplace, and if she will only avoid the high-waisted fashion of our Regency, she may go to what Court she will for her *parure de bal*.

The tales of Charles Perrault are ten in number—namely, "Le Petit Chaperon rouge," "Les Fées," "La Barbe bleue," "La Belle au Bois dormant," "Le Chat botté," "Cendrillon," "Riquet à la Houppe," "Le Petit Poucet," "L'Adroite Princesse," and "Peau d'Âne"; all of which, with the exception of the last, are known here as "Little Red Riding Hood," "Diamonds and Toads," "Blue Beard," "The Sleeping Beauty," "Puss in Boots," "Cinderella," "Riquet with the Tuft," "Hop o' my Thumb" (not "Tom Thumb"), and "The Discreet Princess." To these tales, which are in prose, are added in the edition before us three in verse, a rhymed "Peau d'Âne," the story of the patient Griselda, and the fable of the "Three Wishes," once rendered so needlessly indecent by Matthew Prior. The two latter stories, we need scarcely remark, have nothing in common with the rest, but are merely introduced into the volume as works by the same writer. Moreover, we read in an introductory "analyse" that "L'Adroite Princesse" did not appear in the earliest edition of the tales, and is therefore of doubtful authenticity. Intrinsic evidence favours this doubt, inasmuch as the tale in question seems much more akin to the school of D'Aulnoy than to the typical tales by which the name of Perrault is immortalized.

We use the word "typical" advisedly; for though Perrault had nothing to do with the origin of the tales, there is no doubt that he selected the very stories which more than any others are to be found among the folk-lore of the most diverse nations—stories which may serve as centres round which numbers of kindred but less familiar narratives may be conveniently grouped. One feels, indeed, curious to know whence Perrault immediately derived the subjects which, notwithstanding a little French *persiflage*, he treated with such severe simplicity. That their origin is extremely remote everybody who has bestowed any thought upon the matter is perfectly aware. But what was the exact bridge by which they reached the mind of the Academician who in 1697 gave them to a world that received them as something entirely new? That they were regarded by the contemporaries of Perrault as the fruits of his own imagination is evident enough. In the edition before us, which is obviously intended to be erudite to a certain extent—an improvement on those which have gone before it—the conviction is clearly implied that Perrault was a sort of Æsop, a moral instructor who devised pleasing stories for the edification of youth. As for "Hop o' my Thumb," it answers the double purpose of burlesquing the Greek mythology and conveying ethical admonition. The ingenious urchin who contrives by

* *Les Contes de Perrault*. Paris, 1779.

a happy stratagem to facilitate the egress of himself and his brothers from the forest is a pleasant caricature of Ariadne; and the adventures with the Ogre reproduce those of Odysseus with Polyphemus. Let it not be imagined that this view darkly shadows forth the now received opinion that there is a connexion between myth and "Märchen," not to be cut off by boundaries in space or time, and that possibly the Odysseus of Eastern Europe may figure as a "Däumlein" in the North. Nothing of the kind. The editor gravely suspects that Perrault took the *Odyssey* into his hand, and imitated some of the incidents in a comic way, just as Mr. H. J. Byron or Mr. F. C. Burnand burlesques a serious tale, play, or novel. This, however, is merely an hypothesis which we are not required to accept; of the earnestness of Perrault as a moral teacher when he wrote "*Le Petit Poucet*" there is no doubt:—

L'auteur veut que des enfants sachent qu'à tout âge, avec de l'esprit, du courage, et de la prudence, on peut échapper à la méchanceté des hommes; et la conduite du Petit Poucet est ici un exemple d'autant plus capable de les instruire, qu'il est plus à leur portée. La meilleure manière de former la jeunesse est de lui donner, pour ainsi dire, de grandes idées, avec de petits moyens.

This is somewhat tall talk, but the opinion as to Perrault's intention is not without foundation. He wished to appear as an ethical instructor; but far from inventing stories for a moral end, he found stories ready made to his hand, as everybody now is sure to perceive, though this was the very fact that escaped the notice of his contemporaries; and having written them down in a pleasing, simple style, appended to each a short "moralité" in verse. Telling fanciful tales for their own sake after the fashion which we find in the collection of the Grimms and their followers, without a thought of teaching or touching anybody, was not after the manner prevalent under the reign of Louis XIV. Perrault's great enemy, Boileau, would have been utterly amazed at the opinion of any one who might have predicted that the examination of such puerile trivialities would one day occupy the time of the gravest archaeologists, and his surprise would have been shared by Perrault himself. The only ancients recognized by scholarly men of letters in the early part of the eighteenth century were the Greeks and Romans, and Perrault, though he must have been conscious that he had picked up his stories somewhere, could not have believed that he, the doughty champion of the moderns against the ancients, would chiefly be remembered as the representative of an antiquity of which he had never heard. There must be some excuse for the publication of his nonsense, and that was the use which it might be made of it to instil wholesome doctrine into the young mind. This is the *moralité* he attaches to "*Le Petit Poucet*":—

On ne s'afflige point d'avoir beaucoup d'enfants
Quand ils sont tous beaux, jeunes faits et bien grands
Et d'un extérieur qui brille;
Mais si l'un d'eux est faible, on ne dit mot;
On le méprise, on le raille, on le pille;
Quelquefois cependant, c'est ce petit marmot
Qui fera le bonheur de toute la famille.

The aphorism that a sharp puny child may prove better than an athletic blockhead is not very profound; but at all events the indifferent verses served to float "*Hop o' my Thumb*" respectably into good society.

The title, *Tales of Mother Goose*, which in England has been given to the *Contes de Perrault*, does not emanate from ourselves, but may be traced to the French. His book was adorned with a frontispiece representing an old woman telling the stories to three children of different ages, and over her was a frame, inscribed with the words "*Contes de ma mère l'Oie*." This mother seems to have made herself known early in one of the old French "*fabliaux*" as a veritable goose-mother, who told amusing narratives to her goslings.

In his own time Charles Perrault was chiefly celebrated as the persistent antagonist of Boileau in the great battle fought among literary Frenchmen towards the end of the seventeenth century as to the comparative merits of the ancients and the moderns. The youngest brother of Claude Perrault, a physician of repute, who afterwards became noted as an architect and a translator of Vitruvius, Charles, born at Paris in 1633, was honoured at an early age with the patronage of Colbert, and was appointed "Contrôleur-Général des Bâtimens." His influence with the Minister was employed for the benefit of art and artists; he had much to do with the foundation of the Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, and to him the Académie Française was indebted for a residence in the Louvre. On the death of Colbert he devoted himself exclusively to literature, and the controversy in which he was afterwards engaged began with a poem in which he sang the glories of Louis XIV., and which he entitled "*Le Siècle de Louis le Grand*." The worshippers of the ancients found in this poem an unwarranted depreciation of all other illustrious ages, and Perrault increased their hostility by a *Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes*, the publication of which continued from 1688 to 1696, and in which he ranked above Homer, not only the best modern writers, but also Scudéry and Chapelain. Racine and Boileau, who had been very slightly treated in the "*Parallèle*," felt themselves personally aggrieved; but, in the first instance, the former contented himself with a couplet, the latter with an epigram, directed against the offender. When Boileau published his "*Réflexions*" on Longinus, and Perrault answered them, the contest was at its highest; but in time both parties found that

they exposed themselves to the ridicule of the outside public, and through the intercession of friends peace was at last concluded. The last serious occupation of Charles Perrault seems to have been the composition of a series of panegyrics on the great men of the eighteenth century, which was completed in 1700, in two folio volumes, magnificently illustrated with portraits. Even this apparently harmless work was the source of a slight conflict. Among the great men who were the subjects of his *Éloges historiques*, Perrault had placed the world-famed Jansenists, Arnauld and Pascal, but through the influence of the Jesuits, these, by order of the Court, were excluded. However, the passage of Tacitus which declares how Brutus and Cassius shone pre-eminent through the absence of their images was cited on the occasion, and the two Jansenists were restored to their niches. Perrault died generally respected in the year 1713.

The tales, as we have said, were first published in 1697, about the time when the "*Parallèle*" which made such an important figure in the literary controversy was just completed. They were dedicated to Mademoiselle, and so little pride did the author take in them that he presented them as the work of Perrault d'Armonceau, his own son, who was a mere boy. Yet, without the "*Contes*," what would have become of the name of Charles Perrault?

LORD RAVENSWORTH'S VIRGIL.*

BY a mild application of the co-operative principle another memorable translation of Virgil's epic has been begun and finished. Our readers will remember that the first half, undertaken by Mr. Rickards, was reviewed a year or more ago in these pages. It seems from Lord Ravensworth's preface that, after perusing Mr. Rickards's version of the Second Book, which might fairly be taken as the best trial-ground of merit for intending translators of Virgil, he was stimulated to proffer aid in bringing the work to a conclusion; and the result lies before us in a version of the second half of the *Æneid*, all of which, except the Eleventh Book, the work of Mr. Rickards, is due to Lord Ravensworth's scholarly and graceful muse. It is a part of his own modesty, it is indeed almost a necessary consequence of partnership in translation, that he should esteem his friend's version more perfect than it has been judged by less partial critics. Nor is it unnatural that the taste which accepts, as Lord Ravensworth does, Mr. Rickards's version as approximately perfect in spirit, fidelity, and elegance, should copy the same model in some instances almost to a fault. Truth bids us say of both halves of the work that whilst it presents Virgil's *Æneid* in a readable form for the sofa and the lounge, neither the first instalment nor the sequel strikes us as likely to satisfy that test of a good translation, attractiveness as a composition that may be read aloud; and this partly because of the metre chosen, and partly from an inherent defect of life and spirit in the style of the translators. Doubtless it may be said that to those who are wedded to Conington's octosyllables no other metre can seem tolerable; but we are fortunately able to rebut this impeachment, and to rest, if need be, the whole case upon the excellent prose version which Mr. Conington's literary executors have just put forth. Without giving in our adhesion to a growing theory that versions of classic poets in a sort of poetic prose are the nearest possible realization of the poetry of Greece and Rome, we may at all events point to Professor Conington's prose version as giving to an English reader a far livelier, finer, and more faithful transcript of Virgil's epic than has been presented by Mr. Rickards and Lord Ravensworth; whilst the desideratum which we miss in the prose version, a system of rhyme which keeps away tedium from readers and listeners, is supplied, to our thinking (and, to judge from Professor H. Smith's preface to Conington's Miscellaneous Works, the public is of the same mind), by the Scottish flow of the eight-syllable ballad metre, with its occasional changes and variations.

Thus it is that, compared with either of Mr. Conington's versions, the English *Æneid* of Mr. Rickards and Lord Ravensworth can hardly be reckoned a success. On the other hand, it may encourage the latter, if *ea cura quietos sollicitat*, to be assured that there are passages in his Eighth Book quite fit to hold their own against any chosen passages of the Second Book as rendered by Mr. Rickards. Evander's parting with his son Pallas breathes in this English transcript very much of the rare pathos of the original; and a famous bit of description that follows (viii. 592-6) will be found to have met its just equivalent in Lord Ravensworth's version, as follows:—

Matrons on the walls
Stand trembling, and with moistened eyes pursue
The whirling cloud of dust and flashing spears.
Onward the squadron rides through brier and brake,
Marshall'd in order, and the heavy tread
Of prancing chargers shakes the mouldering ground.

Again, in the description of that portion of the workmanship of Vulcan's shield which relates to Cleopatra, Lord Ravensworth has wrought well and in a way worthy of his master (*Æn.* viii. 696, &c.):—

Loud rings the Egyptian sistrum where the Queen
Undaunted in the midst exhorts her crew,
Nor sees the asp that lurk behind her steps,
Dog-faced Anubis and all monster Gods,

* *The Æneid of Virgil.* Books VII.—XII. Translated in English Blank Verse, by Lord Ravensworth. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 1872.

'Gainst Neptune, Venus, and Minerva's might,
Their weapons poised. Mars through the battle din
Rages in iron mail: the Furies dire
Hover in middle air, while with rent robe
Fierce Discord agitates the throng, and her
Bellona follows with blood-dripping scourge.
Actian Apollo in the clouds was seen
Bending his bow; thence, terror-stricken, all
Th' Egyptian and the Indian hosts, and all
The swarm of Arab and Sabeian hordes
Trembled and turned to flight; the Queen invokes
The winds with cable loosed and sails unfurled.
Her pale and stricken with the fear of death
Had Vulcan painted by the tide borne back,
When grieving Nile his bosom opened wide
And called the scatter'd armament to seek
Safety and refuge in his reedy stream.

There is an epic dignity about these lines which of itself commends them to notice, and, when we compare them with the original, many signs show a careful study of the commentators, and due pains to represent the very mind of Virgil. If in the third verse Lord Ravensworth ignores the epithet "geminos," which Conington, in both his translations, is careful to preserve, it is to be said in extenuation that Virgil's allusion is ambiguous and obscure, and that the accident of the snakes being twain, or twin-born, has no other importance than to give precision to an emblematic picture. The closing lines represent to a nicety all the thought of the poet. In truth, we are disposed to think that Lord Ravensworth, perhaps even beyond his colleague, has succeeded in making blank verse subserve the level narrative and descriptive passages of the original; and it is not his fault that he cannot make it rise to the high argument of battle-fields and fierce encounters of word or deed. Herein Lord Derby, whom he quotes with reverence, was able in a great measure to surmount an inherent difficulty by an excellent choice and concatenation of words and diction.

In the Ninth Book, which is dear to scholars as containing the episode of Nisus and Euryalus, we miss in Lord Ravensworth's copy the fire and life of the original. Not so with Conington, to whom not only his better metre, but also his long and intimate perception of his author's nicety of meaning, gives an immense advantage. One almost laughs to find the words which we italicize in the hasty address of Nisus to his comrade—

Euryale, audendum dextrâ; nunc ipsa vocat res.
Hac iter est (ix. 320-1)—

turned into a melodramatic aphorism:—

By bravery alone
The road of safety lies;

as if "hac" meant "by daring deeds and intrepid action," and not simply the rough and ready way through the foe which the brave Nisus pointed out to his comrade with his forefinger. Conington in his prose version translates it "Here lies our way"; and in his verse he renders the words "Here pass we." Though the point is a small one, it is remarkable how much more effective is the literal than the more subtle interpretation, which no weight of commentators, even if they were unanimous in support of it, would suffice to recommend to a poetic mind. Or let us take the agonized cry of Nisus when he finds his young companion in extreme peril, and can no longer brook to lie in ambush and not draw on himself the Rutulian onslaught:—

Me, me, adsum, qui feci; in me convertite ferrum,
O Rutuli! mea fraus omnis; nihil iste nec ausus,
Nec potuit; cælum hoc et conscia sidera testor;
Tantum infelicem nimium dilexit amicum.—ix. 427-30.

To give the true "conspectus" of this passage at once, we need but quote Conington's prose:—"Me, me! behold the doer! make me your mark, O Rutulians! mine is all the blame! He had no heart, no hand for such deeds; this heaven, these stars know that it is true! it was but that he loved his unhappy friend too well!" In verse the late Professor of Latin is almost as faithful as in prose:—

Me, guilty me, make me your aim,
O Rutules, mine is all the blame;
He did no wrong, nor e'er could do.
That sky, those stars, attest 'tis true;
Love for his friend too freely shown,
This was his crime, and this alone!

Lord Ravensworth has misinterpreted the last line in taking it to be the author's gloss upon the words of Nisus, and not, as Conington saw, a part of those words, and, like the rest of them, an excuse and deprecation of vengeance for Euryalus. He translates—

"Me, me! Lo I am here; the fraud was mine!
'Gainst me direct your swords, O Rutuli!
He could not had he dared! So Heaven above
Be thou my witness, and ye conscious stars."
So loved he all too well his hapless friend.

Independently, however, of the final error, the broken utterances of the lines preceding strike us as less effectually realized in this than in the other versions we have quoted.

Lord Ravensworth's use of blank verse does not commend it as an instrument of superior faithfulness. If he has checked the tendency to paraphrase which was imputed to his translations from Horace, he has—amidst the freer license of the measure which he adopts from Mr. Rickards, and which he handles, so far as rhythm goes, with grace and facility—committed many errors of omission which damage the character of his version as a whole. We do not see why, in viii. 382-3, he should have utterly ignored the touch of flattery and reverence which Venus throws into her

prayer to Vulcan when she speaks of his divinity as *sanctum mihi nomen*. The mistress of so many wiles knew how to play the model wife when she had anything to gain; and so Conington represents her as pleading her suppliant posture—

Low at those knees I most revere—

a touch which in the translation before us is conspicuously absent. In the same book the essential epithet *aperto* is ignored in v. 523:—"Ni signum cælo Cytherea dedisset aperto"—

Till Venus from the sky proclaimed assent.

The epithet here omitted is a great deal more than half the battle. "It was thunder in a cloudless sky," says Mr. Conington in his commentary, "which constituted the sign." In the latter part of the Ninth Book we have noted three or four omissions of more or less gravity in the space of some forty lines. No sort of equivalent is given for Pandarus's taunt to Turnus (v. 739)—"*Castra inimica vides: nulla hinc exire potestas*." And when a little further on, Turnus tells his opponent that, though his lance has missed its mark, his sword and the hand that wields it shall not fail, it is disappointing to find the words which constitute the gist of the passage slurred over, if indeed not entirely unrecognized:—

At non hoc telum, mea quod vi dextera versat,
Efugies; neque enim is teli nec vulneris auctor.—747-8.

But think not, boaster, to escape the sword
Wielded by this right hand, now not in vain!

The point and force of *is auctor* here must be gathered from the context. The speaker means that this time no goddess can turn aside a blow on which his whole strength is concentrated. Conington's prose explains it exactly—namely, "he from whom wound and weapon come is too strong for that"—i.e. for a half-blow. In an address of Mnestheus, a little further on, intended to rally the Trojans against the enclosed wild beast, Turnus, who is enacting such feats of valour even in his trap as it were, Lord Ravensworth strangely omits the English for the important words of his appeal, which we emphasize by italics:—

Unus homo, et vestris, o cives, undique septus
Aggeribus, tantas strages impune per urbem
Ediderit?

And shall one man
Such slaughter perpetrate alone, and send
So many victims to the Shades below? &c.

We could accumulate like instances, and could add to them errors of taste, such as where the oaks which *sublimi vertice nudant* are said "to seem to brush the sky," and again where a fugitive warrior, of whom Virgil says that "inter et arma fugâ muros tenet" (ix. 557), is represented

Dodging in hasty flight along the wall.

Certainly in this last instance Lord Ravensworth has forgotten the dignity which he admires, in common with most scholars, in Lord Derby's Iliad.

One word more shall be the last of fault-finding. Why on earth should the striking periphrasis (viii. 625) for Vulcan's shield, "Non enarrabile textum," be translated as it is in this version, "The shield's inexplicable text"? Of all the words that are calculated to puzzle in their non-natural sense this is the most gratuitously puzzling.

It would be a sad thing if versions such as this were stereotyped. Still, though we have pointed out blots, we are very far from quarrelling with Lord Ravensworth's experiment. A really good version of the *Æneid*, even in blank verse, would furnish another proof that unlettered folk may enjoy the spirit of the Virgilian epic, even as they enjoy Pope's version of the parting of Hector and Andromache whenever it is read aloud. We believe there is a better chance for heroic couplets, for Spenserian stanzas, and, best of all, for ballad metres. But when prose versions have to be pitted against poetic versions, something is wrong about our poetical translators. Much in Lord Ravensworth's work—notably the latter half of the last book—shows that with careful revision and casting away of fear as to multiplying lines of English his last half of the *Æneid* might earn a place, which its present inaccuracies scarcely justify it in asserting, in the first ranks of modern classical translation.

THE MAID OF SKER.*

AS may be imagined by those who have read *Lorna Doone*, *The Maid of Sker* differs as widely as possible from the fashionable modern novel. It may be called an historical romance, in so far as it embodies vivid pictures of remote social life in England some ninety years ago. It is eminently a novel of character, inasmuch as the ancient fisherman who tells the story offers his character for our scrutiny by way of perpetual problem. Sensational it is, no doubt; but the sensation is subdued and subordinated; it follows the story, as it were, rather than forms it. In places, indeed, we think of Dr. Johnson's criticism on Sir Charles Grandison. When giving Richardson's novel the highest praise, he remarked that, if you were to read it for the story, you would be inclined to hang yourself. Above all, *The Maid of Sker* bears the traces of thought, of care, and of labour upon every page, and exacts corresponding patience on the part of the reader, if he desires to appreciate its merits and beauties. For these

* *The Maid of Sker*. By R. D. Blackmore, Author of "*Lorna Doone*," &c. 3 vols. London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1872.

might easily escape notice in a hurried perusal. It is rather the author's way, indeed, to employ the art that has learned to conceal art, and to betray his power with a studied absence of design. For example, few writers shine more in description. He uses language at once precise and poetical. With a complete command of words he has a happy gift of selection. It is plain enough that he faithfully paints nature from the life, yet he adds the touches, introduces the lights, and succeeds in reproducing the effects to which the ordinary observer would fail in giving expression. There is a hurricane which he describes at length in his opening chapters. He describes it with extreme minuteness; he does not omit a tint of the changing skies, or a single significant token of the rage of the angry elements. It is heralded, accompanied, and followed by strange and ominous phenomena, and yet he proves his power by holding us spell-bound as we see before us all that he describes. But more usually he contents himself with merely throwing in little unconsidered bits of description, which convey so much that they make us covetous of more. Whether this reserve be a vice or a virtue, it arises in great measure from the design of his book. In making an uneducated seaman and fisherman his spokesman, the author hampered himself in a way that taxed his talents to the utmost, while it denied them legitimate scope. As it is, the necessity of doing his story justice compels the old man to step out of his natural part. He thinks and speaks above his station. He makes a just application of words of which we cannot believe for a moment that a rude seaman can understand the meaning, and he spells polysyllabic derivations from the Greek with perfect accuracy. He indulges himself in humorous allusions which should be far beyond his natural depth. We venture no criticism on his actions, for, inconsistent as they sometimes seem with his nature, we know that all mankind are made up of incongruities, and old David Llewellyn is a most original specimen of his species. Nor are we disposed greatly to blame Mr. Blackmore if Llewellyn is inconsistent. If fault there is, it arises, as we said, from the mistake of the original design. In fact Mr. Blackmore has pushed his conscientious regard for consistency to a length which in the end becomes somewhat monotonous. Llewellyn, in his own sphere, is a humourist, a cynic, a philosopher, and a shrewd and caustic observer. There is often excellent humour in his remarks on men and things, in the gloss he puts on his own very ambiguous morality, in his running comments on his own actions and the behaviour of other people. There is a sustained, although subdued, brilliancy about his speech with which at first we delight to dally. We are ever on the watch for some neat turn of thought, for some quaint comment from an original point of view. We have such surprises in abundance, nor does the well of wit run dry all through the volumes. But the wit necessarily smacks of the salt, until at last it begins to pall upon us. Llewellyn throughout asserts his individuality; no fault certainly, but undoubtedly a misfortune, for at last the inevitable mannerisms of the book come to detract from its unquestionable merits. Through a simple story, observing absolute unity of place and compassed in a single volume, David Llewellyn might have played his part to the glorification of the author and the delight of the readers. As it is, it must be owned that we sometimes have enough of him. We are wearied with his garrulosity. We know the tone of his talk about women and their ways, and of his remarks about matters in general. We could wish Mr. Blackmore had given us more of some of those secondary characters which he has drawn with rare vigour and discrimination.

There is another unaccustomed feature in this novel which we fear will not tend to its popularity. In these days love is lord of all at the circulating libraries, yet, in defiance of fashion and precedent, Mr. Blackmore almost dispenses with it. To be sure there is one marriageable young lady who cherishes a passion through the volume, but the course of affection runs rough with her all the time, and we are only allowed at rare intervals to see her making herself unhappy in the society of her lover; while the Maid of Sker is a baby for most of the time, or the childish object of boyish attachments. At the end, of course, she is wooed and married, and then Mr. Blackmore fetches up his leeway in a style that makes us regret he had not given us more of the tender passion. For our own part, we could wish that all the love-making of most novels was mercilessly suppressed. We should be relieved of much that is mawkish and monotonous, and works of fiction would be compressed into reasonable, if not readable, bulk. We pay Mr. Blackmore no ordinary compliment, then, when we express the wish that he had multiplied and lengthened his love scenes. Slight as it is, we have seldom met anything prettier in novel-writing than that where the Maid meets her naval lover in the passage, and welcomes him home from the glorious victory of the Nile.

The little Maid is a waif of the sea, who drifts on to the beach of Glamorganshire, where old David Llewellyn is pursuing his calling as a fisherman. The old man is fascinated by her infant beauty and winning ways, but more delighted still with the smart little boat in which she has been drifting. It is the very thing for his fishing. The child gains upon him so that he is sorely tempted to keep her. But butcher's meat is dear, and therefore, dismissing the extravagant caprice, he decides to give her up, and to keep the boat. At first we are greatly puzzled to know what to make of Mr. Llewellyn, and to the last, indeed, we are by no means clear about him. Undoubtedly from the first he looks sharply to the main chance, and considers himself a good deal, as is not unnatural

with an elderly widower. At the same time he seems to be so frank with it all, he shows such a captivating simplicity of mind, he seems to have so soft a heart for beauty, childhood, and helplessness, that we cannot help hoping his candour may do him injustice. As we come to know him better, we are constrained to dismiss the illusion. He has his good points, of course, although we are often disappointed even in these. But on his own showing he has most of the vices that usually fall to the lot of elderly seafaring humanity, and has cultivated others that are generally considered the monopoly of landmen. Above all, as we have said, he is intensely selfish. He would never dream of indulging his feelings in an act of generosity at the cost of the smallest personal sacrifice. Accordingly, with considerable regret, he quarters the pretty child he has found on a rude, but well-to-do, household in his neighbourhood. As she grows up he dotes upon her so far as his nature can love anything but himself. It is a significant and clever trait that she takes precedence in his affections over his own little granddaughter Bunny. He watches anxiously over her fortunes, partly or principally because he thinks his own may probably be bound up with them. For it is plain enough that she is no common child; her highbred beauty and the refinement of her infant manners are stronger evidence on this head than the extraordinary fineness of the linen in which she was washed ashore. Yet retributive justice visits him in the shape of his own selfish shortsightedness. For, in his anxiety to keep it, he makes a mystery of the little boat which might have led to the foundling's identification, and to his being handsomely rewarded for finding her. How soon he has a suspicion of her parentage we are not prepared to say, for it is hard to follow the crafty workings of his mind. But he knew that an infant answering the description of his treasure-trove had been carried off from Devonshire, and the date of its disappearance corresponded exactly with the time when this other one turned up mysteriously in Glamorganshire. Certain little circumstances unknown to other people were in his knowledge all the time, and if he did not put two and two together, he must have been much less shrewd than we give him credit for being. Of course the Maid of Sker finds her parents in the end, and all that astonishes us is that she was not restored to them sooner. It is true that ninety years ago the coast of Devon lay much further from that of Glamorgan than it does now. In those days it was a six days' journey by land between the counties, and the precarious communication by sea was by coasting craft. Still, when the infant heir of a great house disappeared dramatically from a grand fête given to the county, while the disappearance burdened an innocent member of the family with the accusation of a horrible crime, it is difficult to fancy that the rumour of the event would not spread and lead to the identification of the mysterious infant of Sker. But there is a certain weirdness and wildness pervading the whole story that makes it seem pedantic to test it by ordinary probabilities. The perilous water journey which the child made safely in her little boat is as unaccountable in its way as the long deferred establishment of her identity with the daughter of the Squire of Narnton Court. When Mr. Llewellyn speculates later on the action of the tides and currents, he has to invoke the phenomena of the unprecedented storm to give more likely colouring to his explanation. That storm too whirls up the Glamorganshire sands in a way which we should only have conceived possible in the lightly heaped drifts of Eastern deserts, swallowing up five stalwart lads in a single catastrophe. Yet, unlikely as it all sounds to our sober sense, and much as it exercises us on subsequent reflection, Mr. Blackmore's talent or genius makes us receive it all as we read. He has taken a leaf from Swift and Defoe. Occasionally he fills in a conception bold to extravagance with a careful realism of petty detail. On thinking the matter over we may be sceptical as to the existence of Broddingnag or Lilliput, nor can we understand how an island could lie out of the track of ships anywhere in the latitude where Crusoe was shipwrecked. But we feel ashamed of our scepticism and blame our own stupidity, when we find Captain Gulliver exact to a line in the dimensions of all that appertains to his pigmy entertainers, or when Crusoe enters with the precision of a logbook into each petty detail of his misadventures.

It is not only the incidents of Mr. Blackmore's plot which smack of the marvellous. As in *Lorna Doone*, he reveals in the delineation of a wild and semi-lawless state of society. Only in *Lorna Doone* the law-breakers openly set the law at defiance, and as robbers or highwaymen turn their hands avowedly against every man; whereas the most sinister and striking character in the *Maid of Sker* is the Rev. Stoyler Chowne, a man of family, a clergyman, and a justice of the peace. We wonder if society in Devon ninety years ago was really as Mr. Blackmore represents it, and whether such a man as Parson Chowne was a possibility. His conduct throws into the shade the clerical eccentricities of his neighbour, Parson Rambone, who held the champion's belt for wrestling and bruising against all Western England. For Chowne by his crimes makes himself the terror of his neighbourhood, and revenges himself by means equally violent and commonplace on all who were unlucky enough to provoke his resentment. He fired the farmers' ricks, had his enemies maimed or murdered, bullied and outraged successive bishops, kept a pack of ferocious hounds about him, and a gang of naked gipsies on his property. His crimes were notorious; hundreds of times he placed himself within reach of the law; he had accomplices in all ranks, and his coachman admitted, in conversation with Mr. Llewellyn, that he had committed arson repeatedly by his master's orders; yet Chowne was never reached by the law, nor did he greatly lose caste among his equals.

In short, we cannot pretend to say how far Mr. Blackmore may have pushed the privilege of a romancer, for we confess that he transports us for the most part into a world of which we know but little. But, let fact or fiction begin or end where they will, the book is exceedingly able, and strikingly original. There is much powerful writing in it, a great deal of dry humour, with some touches of rare pathos, and to our mind its chief blemishes flow from the original error of judgment that cast it in an unfortunate form.

MINOR POETS.*

MR. MACCROM, in offering his poems to the reader's notice, "expresses a hope that they may gain his approbation thoughtfully." We have noticed before now that not a few of our Minor Poets demand that they should be not only admired, but also read, and not only read, but read thoughtfully. Now, just as Polonius was ready in almost one and the same breath to admit that the cloud that Hamlet pointed to was like a camel, or backed like a weasel, or very like a whale, so the poet could find numbers of persons who, with just as little consideration, would admit that his poems were Shakspearian, Spenserian, or Tupperian, or anything else that he might require.

Si plus apposcere visus,
Fit Minnervus et optivo cognomine crescit.

The demand for thoughtful approbation belongs, if we are not mistaken, to our time. Bavius and Mævius, Tibbald and Cibber were satisfied with praise, and did not ask for thought.

Call Tibbald Shakspeare, and he'll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never matched one ode of thine.

It may not perhaps be hard to find the reason why the Minor Poet of the present day is more exacting than his predecessors. It is not indeed all of them who thus challenge their reader's close attention. Many of them by their apologetic prefaces show that they will thankfully accept any praise of any kind. These authors, however, who make so large a call on our brains are those who have begun by first fairly puzzling their own. They have confused themselves over what they call metaphysics or philosophy. They have selected a subject which they do not understand, and they write about it in language which they do not understand, and then, lost in amazement at their own unintelligibility, they call for the thoughtful approbation of the world. Bad poetry is bad enough in itself, and bad philosophy is bad enough in itself. It has been reserved especially for the present age to have to suffer from the two at one and the same time, and to be constantly lost in wonder whether its poet is more foolish as a philosopher, or its philosopher more foolish as a poet.

Mr. Maccrom has written two poems, only one of which, however, we can pretend to have read. And as this poem contains as many lines as five or six books of the *Paradise Lost*, we shall not perhaps be greatly censured when we state that we went through it, to use Mr. Gladstone's words, not by steps, but by strides, not by strides, but by leaps and bounds. The poem which is entitled "Idealities" thus opens:—

It was upon the mountain once revered—
The sacred ground of Helicon, I sat,
And in the action of its attributes—
A fascination of celestial sense;
For so I dreamed; this was its character;
Another action that enfolded mine—
A life in life,—a power addressing power;
The while I lived a subject of its realm.

When we had read so far we turned to see how it would end, and found a conclusion not unworthy of its beginning:—

The recent visional impressiveness,—
That semblance of reality—was gone;
Merged in the actual,—the Universe.

We thought that we had read quite enough to be entitled to express our disapprobation thoughtfully, but nevertheless we thought it best to try whether the four thousand or so lines of the poem were all written in the same distracting style. The poet, we found, after a disquisition on Man, and the "retrogressive impulses" to which he has given himself up, and the "moral drunkenness" which is produced in him by certain "dire draughts," at a time when his brow is disgraced by a wreath "whose flowers were worthy of Tartarean meads," then has a vision. He gets into some place where there is "mellow duskiness" and "a blue-toned dusk"—such a place, apparently, as where one might expect to find, to quote his own words,

Intelligence in unison,
To sympathize the sympathy it felt:—
A sense-embodiment of sentiment,
In real aspect, as in feeling, like;
For viewless life of each external phase.

There Apollo meets the Muses, and addressing them as "Gentle associates," says, "I send my greeting." Why he says "I send my greeting," when they are actually before him, is not at first sight quite clear. By the time we reach the fourth line, however, we find that Apollo had to get a rhyme for "attend," and so might meet

* *Unseen and Idealities*. Poems by J. S. Maccrom. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1872.

Songs of Life and Death. By John Payne, Author of "Intaglios: Sonnets," "The Masque of Shadows," &c. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1872.

Poems, Translated from the Swedish, and Original. By Ellin Isabelle Tupper. London: S. W. Partridge. 1872.

The Chutney Lyrics. A Collection of Comic Pieces in Verse, on Indian Subjects. Madras: Higginbotham & Co. 1871.

with some indulgence for using the wrong word. Moreover, as when he spoke the Muses and "everything around" were "charmed into listening joy," we poor mortals ought, we suppose, to be satisfied. Apollo and the Muses hold a highly philosophic discussion on "the microscopic fly," on "nature's prompting prophecies," and on "Perfect Justice," written in capital letters. And then Apollo exclaims:—

Would
That this general belief, so good,
Were equally as wide in practice too.

Thereupon he informs his sisters that there is a gentleman watching them hidden in the bushes. He treats the poet with the greatest affability, calls him "Brother on Earth," and, in fact, when he takes leave of him at the end of about one hundred and thirty pages, says:—

Now must I say
Farewell: O, let it be but transiently!
Farewell! Farewell!

But before this happy conclusion is reached, each of the Nine Muses has her say. Polymnia—a foot-note tells us that Polymnia is "the contraction for Polyhymnia"—has a good deal to say about "the sum of mind so untily (sic) essayed," while Erato, who is under an impression that the middle syllable of her name is long, discourses on "the spirit law of consanguinity," and "the little home-nest" that is "soul-magnetic to the gaze." Clio goes on talking at such length that she is obliged of herself to own that "this theme of immortality has made me slightly stray," and thereupon, joining in a kind of duet with Calliope, the two declare in italics that "his retrospection proves what has been gained." We have our doubts whether the two Muses are not here quoting *Proverbial Philosophy*, but as we are not in a position to prove it, we will give them credit for whatever originality there may be in the sentiment. Even the Nine Muses get tired of talking at last, and Apollo, as we have said before, wishes the poet farewell. With him we will also wish Mr. Maccrom farewell, but we cannot add with Apollo, "O, let it be but transiently!"

We do not think that Mr. Payne's *Songs of Life and Death* are quite equal to his *Intaglios*, which we had the pleasure of reading and praising last year. Some of the poems indeed are equal to anything he then wrote, but we doubt if the general level is kept quite so high. It may be that the sonnet, which to most writers is so difficult to handle, especially suits Mr. Payne's genius, and that he was more successful in his last work simply because he used a form of verse which suits him better. Nevertheless there is much in his present work that deserves high praise. Had, indeed, the whole volume been equal to the best of the poems, we should have hesitated before we ventured to review it among our Minor Poets. As it is, we almost owe an apology to Mr. Payne for the company in which we place him, and we ought to acknowledge that, if he is a Minor Poet, he deserves at all events to be reckoned their undoubted leader. There is often an originality in his poetry, a subtlety in his thoughts, a niceness in his language, and a melody in his versification, which at the present time we look for in vain in any but some one or two of our leading poets. Many of the poems, we must admit, we do not care for, and at times we come to lines that seem poor and forced. The following stanza, for instance, from the poem entitled *The Dead Master*, seems to us not only to be, like the future it mentions, involved in a haze, but also by its subject and the versification of the last line to be somewhat too suggestive of Mr. Browning's *Grammarians' Funeral*:—

Have we then heard thy singing for the last time
Shape us the glories of the olden days?
Have we a last time listened to the lays,
Wherein thou scal'dst the ancient heavens for pastime
And in the future's iridescent haze
Buildedst the past-time?

Mr. Payne, like Mr. Swinburne and some others among the poets, is extravagant in his admiration of France and his detestation of her conquerors. He addresses her as "the fairest and the holiest," as "Our Saviour France, the lover of mankind," as "writhing in the Vandals' hands," and "straining piteously against the brutal tyrant." But we can forgive Mr. Payne for his occasional haziness both in poetry and history when he gives us such fine poems as "The Ballad of Shameful Death," "Vocation Song," "Madrigal Triste," and "A Farewell." It is always difficult in the space we have at command to make such a selection from a poet as will do justice to him. Perhaps the following lines from the "Vocation Song" will show at once Mr. Payne's powers, and also a certain morbid melancholy of which we find too much in him. We should add that we omit the second and third stanzas:—

Lord, what unto Thy servants shall be given,
That have so long in pain and doubt and strife,
For Thee with hand and heart and song hard striven,
What time Thou givest out the crowns of life?

We do not ask of Thee, as this our guerdon,
To live a shining life among Thy blest;
'Twould be for us but shifting of our burden,
Not the fulfilment of the longed-for rest.

We have no kin with those uplifted faces,
Those ordered minstrels that before Thee bow,
Set rank on rank upon the holy places,
With stiff sharp laurel fringing every brow.

For us, no balm of Heaven could stay our yearning,
No crown of woven lilies and pale palms,
No City with eternal glory burning,
Set in the golden stress of ceaseless psalms.

Miss Tupper gives us some poems which she says are translations, and other poems which she calls original. Her translations we read with a certain satisfaction, as we are kept all along in the best of company. In only one case does she descend below the poems of a Baroness, and, to make up for this solitary slip, we have translations from the writings of a King, of a Royal Highness a Prince, and a Royal Highness a Princess. As for what she calls her original poems, we shall next expect to find people talking of original echoes. Miss Tupper will certainly do better to keep to her translations from royalty than to write such original verses as the following, even if she has an Empress for her subject:—

Nobly the Empress did her part
In that dark time of woe,
And long from every loyal heart
Shall blessings on her flow.
So, gladdened by her people's love,
Thrice happy may she live,
Till the Great King who reigns above,
A brighter crown shall give!

We learn with satisfaction from an announcement on the fly-leaf, that these poems have been printed by water-power. We are told, moreover, that "these printing works are the first in the country where water-power has been applied to the art of printing." If water-power has not been applied to the art of printing, it has certainly for long ages been applied to the art of poetry. We are glad to find that inventive skill has advanced so far that in the printing of modern poetry an agent can be used with which it has so much in common.

The *Chutney Lyrics* are, we are told, "a collection of comic pieces in verse, of which twelve have already appeared in the columns of the *Madras Athenæum and Daily News*." Some of the pieces are tolerably lively, but we should scarcely have thought them worthy of republication, still less of sending all the way to Europe. No doubt in the intense heat of Madras a very little comicality will go a great way, for we have always noticed in our own country, that the higher the quicksilver stands in the thermometer the lower is the standard by which a joke is criticized; so that many a professed punster, who in January is voted a very dull fellow, in August passes off as a wit. In fact, the smaller fry among the humourists would do well if they always consulted the thermometer before they fired off their jokes, and never attempted to be comical if it marked less than 80 degrees in the shade. Of these Madras poems, moreover, some are so full of local allusions, and of words of the country, that to an ordinary reader they are altogether unintelligible. We will not undertake to say that the following verse may not to an Anglo-Indian pass as humorous. To the ordinary Englishman it is little better than gibberish:—

She is coming, my godown, my ghaut!
She is coming, my dawki, my sweet!
My cutcherry leaps, and my tope
In my bosom begins to beat,—
O my love, my massoolah, my ghee,
Thy poochie is at thy feet!

One of the poems, we are sorry to say, is written in the worst possible style, and is highly discreditable to the Englishmen who were concerned in the affair which is described, and to the author who wrote of it. The piece is bad enough in itself, but is made much worse by an explanatory note which the author has added. Even if the poem had no foundation in fact, it would have been sufficiently shameful for an Englishman living in Madras to tell with glee how some of his fellow-countrymen, the leading civil and military officers of the station, accepted an invitation to a ball given by a Parsee, and then, while enjoying to the full all that their host with lavish hospitality had provided, ducked him in a tank as being a Parsee. Gross though the insult is to the native population, we should have hoped it would have been regarded as still grosser by our own countrymen. We should have hoped that not even a writer of comic pieces would have ventured to assert that in India a collector, a colonel, a major, a captain, and "the leading gentry," were mean enough to accept a man's hospitality because he was rich, and to insult him because he was a Parsee. Such a poem, we repeat, even if it had been a fiction from beginning to end, would have been bad enough, and would have shown where lies our greatest difficulty in governing India, and whence arises much of the ferocity that was displayed by the native population in the great mutiny. The author, however, informs us that "this piece is founded on fact," that the host was "turned out of the ball he himself had given because he was a 'nigger'." The parasite would seem to flourish everywhere. If he is weak, he is greedy and servile; if he is strong, he is greedy and insolent.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE two most important, the largest, and the most characteristically American works in our present monthly list are biographies—the one* of a past, the other† of a possible, President—

* *The Life of Abraham Lincoln; from his Birth to his Inauguration as President.* By Ward H. Lamson. With illustrations. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Tribner & Co. 1872.

† *The Autobiography of Horace Greeley; or, Recollections of a Busy Life.* To which are added *Miscellaneous Essays and Papers.* Illustrated. New York: E. B. Treat. Chicago: Tra. S. Smith. Detroit: Randall & Fish. St. Louis: H. C. Wright. San Francisco: Bancroft & Co. 1872.

Abraham Lincoln and Horace Greeley. Enormous length and minuteness of detail, and the intrusion of much irrelevant and uninteresting matter, are common to both; and both throw a good deal of light on the peculiar conditions of political life in America. Probably English memoirs might be found of as intolerable size as this of Mr. Lincoln, which occupies upwards of five hundred of the largest octavo pages, closely printed, in relating his life down to the first moment at which that life acquired anything of public interest or significance. But they would seldom be equally worthless and wearisome, if only because an Englishman who has at any time filled an equal space in the public eye has been for many years before his final elevation an active public character, an important figure on the stage of history, or at least a participator in business of national and historical interest. But all of Mr. Lincoln's life that has any political value or historical importance was included in the period of less than five years which elapsed between his selection as the candidate of his party in 1860, and his murder in April 1865. Whatever interest attaches to his previous career is reflected upon it by his Presidency, and is simply such as we feel in the boyhood and early youth of one who has afterwards distinguished himself. It is interesting to learn what education such a man received, what signs of superiority his youth afforded, what circumstances first opened to him the career in which he has risen so high; but it would be intolerable to have to read hundreds of pages about his family, unknown and unworthy to be known, his lessons and his games, his unmarked and uneventful private life, his petty adventures and his paltry jokes, with long digressions about all his relatives and acquaintances. And if anything could aggravate the insufferable tediousness of such a narrative, it would be that laboured lightness of style which is affected by a certain class of bookmakers, English and American; and which combines the brilliancy of Mr. Sala with the self-confidence of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, the voluminous facility of Dr. Doran, with the affected flippancy of Mr. Jeaffreson. Mr. Lincoln never was a man of importance or prominence till he became chief magistrate of his country at the crisis of her fortunes—a crisis precipitated, if not created, by his election. At this point, however, the present volume leaves him, with the promise of a continuation, which, if any law of proportion is observed, ought to occupy ten such volumes. *Abat omen!* It may be worth while to explode even such innocent and insignificant fictions as those which gathered round the early life of the rail-splitter and bargee, but it is hardly worth any one's while to study the refutation. The stories are true in substance and impression, if false in actual form. If Lincoln did not split rails, he did saw planks for a neighbour's house—which planks have since been cut into walking-sticks by relic-hunters; if he did not make a trading voyage in a boat of his own, he did in that of his employer, and so forth. His early life was really as rude, as hard, as devoid of luxury and culture, as it has been depicted; he was the son of a thriftless father, belonging to the lower class of American farmers, and seems in his earliest youth to have shown much of his father's temper, and not a little tendency to sink into the character of a loafer. He had very little schooling—not a year altogether, we are told—and whatever education he displayed in later life, and it was not much, was due to solitary and somewhat desultory reading. He had been a labourer and shopkeeper before he became a lawyer, and had not succeeded in either capacity. He served as a captain of volunteers in the "Black Hawk" War—so called from the name of the Indian chieftain who commenced it. On one occasion, by offering to fight any man of his company with any weapons, he saved the life of a helpless, harmless, and friendly Indian, an incident which displayed at once the utter want of discipline and ruffianism of the privates, and that cool and resolute decision which the officer was one day to exhibit on a wider stage and in graver contingencies. This war first introduced Lincoln to popular favour. He was elected to the State Legislature, and afterwards to Congress, and gradually, as a prominent member of the anti-Slavery party, became the personal opponent and rival of Stephen H. Douglas, the leader of the Northern Democrats, and the chief advocate of that last effort to hold the balance even between the extreme parties and to conciliate the prejudices of the North without such an utter sacrifice of Southern claims as would have broken up the Union, which was founded on the Dred Scott decision, and was finally defeated by the break-up of the Conservative party in 1860. Thus it was, perhaps rather by his rival's eminence than his own, that Mr. Lincoln came to rank among the prominent chiefs of the nascent anti-Southern or Republican party, while he had never provoked that bitter hatred in the South and that distrust in the North which were felt for such real leaders of the party as Seward and Sumner. Hence his selection as a comparatively "safe candidate that no one n'tt' afeard on" by the Republican Convention, a selection probably made with little idea of actual success. Mr. Lincoln's supporters were in a very decided minority, and prevailed only through the irreconcilable quarrel of the extreme Southern Democrats with Douglas and his Northern adherents. The volume closes with a notice of the consequences of his election; the secession of the Southern and the fierce excitement of the Border States, the rumours of intended kidnapping or assassination, and the ridiculous flight of the President-elect from imaginary dangers, of which the writer gives a lively though contemptuous account, and of which, as he declares, Mr. Lincoln was soon heartily ashamed; and, finally, of the "inauguration" at Washington, and Mr. Lincoln's deprecatory appeal to that confidence in the Constitution and in the good faith of their fellow-citizens which the John Brown raid had

finally and inevitably driven from the minds of the Southern people.

Mr. Greeley's Memoirs—which, if we are not mistaken, is really, though not nominally, a new edition of a work we noticed not many months ago—consists of a series of autobiographical sketches, not forming a connected record of his life, but giving a lively account of its principal vicissitudes, and of those scenes and circumstances which had impressed themselves most vividly upon the mind of the writer. Mr. Greeley, like Mr. Lincoln, was born in the lower ranks of an agricultural community, and of a family either "feckless" or unlucky, or both; and he probably knew as much of actual hardship and privation in his boyhood as the great majority of his countrymen. Unlike Mr. Lincoln, he chose a city life; and while Mr. Lincoln gradually worked himself up through politics and law to a public position, Mr. Greeley early chose his profession as a journalist; and even when actually seated in Congress was known, and preferred to be known, to his countrymen chiefly through the *New York Tribune*. Without saying more of a volume which is not new to the public, we may note that both these biographies illustrate the present tendencies of American politics in an unintentional, but a very marked, manner. The selection of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Greeley in preference to men far superior to them in public estimation and established eminence, as the candidates of their respective parties, was undoubtedly prompted by a shrewd appreciation of popular preference for self-made men; for men who are not too refined, too cultivated, too superior to the electing multitude; who, as Presidents, will owe their temporary elevation above the farmer or tradesman who votes for them solely to his vote; who have no other superiority than what they derive from public favour, and in whom the rudest of their supporters sees only what he might have been, and what his sons may become. We perceive also that, as men of independent hereditary fortune are almost ostracized from public life, there are but two professions by which a politician can well hope to live when his party is out of power—that is, if he means to be honest and independent, and refuses to sell either his vote or his patronage—namely, the Bar and the Press. The former has been hitherto the chief nursery of American statesmen, since the old order died out with the younger Adams; but there are indications that in the future the Press offers even better opportunities, and perhaps a not less lucrative career. It is also worthy of note how easy and frequent, in a society where education of a sort is generally diffused, where few native-born citizens are wholly illiterate, and where the advantages of knowledge are appreciated, is the rise of men, by their own exertions and by diligent self-education, from a very low place in the social scale to competence and respectability. Few men have less schooling than Lincoln, yet he contrived to make himself a competent lawyer and legislator—the former certainly an easier task in America than in England. Mr. Greeley had no educational advantages greater than any village child may enjoy, either in Old or New England; yet his pen has for many years past been among the most powerful in the Union. Not a few of the foremost men in the States began life, we believe, under no better auspices. And it is not that they have dispensed with education, as we sometimes see men able to do, and yet achieve wealth and influence in special careers—for, though not scholars, most of them are cultivated and well informed; it is that they have had the resolution—partly, no doubt, because they had means and encouragement—to educate themselves. As it seems probable that the political business of America will be thrown more and more into the hands of men born in the same rank as Lincoln and Greeley, it is earnestly to be hoped that those who aspire to popular favour will continue, as heretofore, to fit themselves by diligent self-culture for posts to which they are chosen because they were supposed to be "plain" and uncultivated men.

Two Church histories of considerable pretension are before us. That of Dr. Butler*, in two volumes, brings down the annals of the Church to our own day; but it is written after the fashion of a chronicle, in single short paragraphs, each with its separate title, and each telling in a few curt, dry sentences the story of the person, incident, or subject to which it refers. Such a broken and disconnected method of narration would spoil the effect of the best style and the most interesting matter; and Dr. Butler's style is as far from being lively as a great part of ecclesiastical history is from being entertaining. The result is, that though the work may be convenient as a book of reference, it is singularly unreadable as a connected narrative. The other work†, by Dr. Mahan, in a single thick octavo volume, confines itself to the first seven centuries, and deals with the gradual foundation of the Church by the Apostles and their successors, its struggles with Paganism, its progress towards victory and supremacy, and the development of its doctrine and discipline. Though specially anxious to preserve a connected treatment and chronological order, the writer practically divides his work into a series of chapters, each treating of a particular subject—a heresy, a personal career, an ecclesiastical epoch, or the like; and the effect is that his history gives a more definite view of the

course of ecclesiastical events, the causes and the tendencies of the different movements within the Church, and the manner in which it came to be what it was, and to hold the position it did at the fall of the Western Empire, than many works of far greater repute, deeper research, and higher authority. Intended rather for students than for scholars, it is calculated to serve as a useful introduction to ecclesiastical history on the one hand, and a valuable epitome for those who have no leisure to go further on the other. There is, as was natural, a strong ecclesiastical and orthodox bias discernible throughout, and heresiarchs especially are judged exclusively through the spectacles of their enemies and conquerors; but it would, we fear, be difficult to find an impartial historian of the Church, and, after all, this tendency probably deviates less from the truth than its opposite.

We may briefly mention two other works of a theological or ecclesiastical character; a comparison between the characters and careers of Wesley and Swedenborg*, by a writer belonging to the New Church, which, if it contains little that is novel, at all events deals with two familiar personages from a new point of view; and a volume of Sermons† by a popular preacher, in which passing events or every-day ideas and phrases are made the texts and illustrations of spiritual instruction—instruction conveyed with that familiarity of language and handling which is so popular in the mouth of a Beecher or a Spurgeon, but which is apt to degenerate into something that, to a refined and educated taste, is painfully like profanity.

A treatise on the history of medicine‡ collects a good deal of information respecting the physiological theories, therapeutic practice, and medical superstitions of ancient times—Greek, Roman, Oriental, and mediæval—and respecting the life and teaching of some of the oldest practitioners of the art, from Hippocrates downwards. It is far too brief to give anything like a connected history of that real development of medical science which began but a few centuries ago, and to which only the latter chapters of a thin volume are devoted; but it will serve to bring within the reach of the curious a good many facts and traditions respecting the infancy of the art and its first reputed practitioners which are interesting, if not useful, and which few would have leisure to hunt out in the unfamiliar original works from which they are derived.

The *Land of the Veda*§ contains the impressions of an American missionary about the religion, the customs, and the people of India, and his experiences among them during the terrible crisis of 1857. Few Englishmen, of course, will think of looking to such a source for any real information concerning India; the author had infinitely less opportunity of learning anything about the country or its inhabitants than hundreds of English writers whose works are accessible to all, and familiar to many of us, and he is blinded by professional and religious prejudices of a very bitter flavour. It is not to an average missionary—and Dr. Butler is no better—that we should look for a fair and intelligent estimate of the various religions of India, and of their devotees and defenders. He knows fakirs and Brahmins only as enemies of his cause, and odious impostors and deceivers of the people. To the Moslem he stands in the relation of an invader to the most resolute and formidable of the invaded races; and he detests them the more because the very resemblance of their faith to his own makes them more obstinately bigoted against his teaching than those who, if they listen at all, can hardly fail to discern dimly the infinite superiority of Christianity to their own debased and grotesque superstitions. What is interesting in Dr. Butler's reminiscences is due not to his feelings as a missionary, but to his position as an independent and not favourably biased critic of English rule. And it is satisfactory to find that, despite American prejudice, and allowing for differences of opinion and point of view, his sympathies on the whole go strongly with the Imperial race; that he testifies to the comparative excellence of our Government, the purity of motive and devotion to their duties displayed by its servants; and that he abhors the mutineers too fiercely to be deeply shocked by the severity of the retribution inflicted on them. This is natural, perhaps, in one who shared the horrors and perils of an English community during months of constant anxiety and frequent alarms; and who had good reason to believe that Nana Sahib or Tantia Topee would have paid little respect to the doctrines of Grotius and Vattel, and drawn no subtle distinction between the missionary and the civilian—between American and English women and children.

* *Wesley and Swedenborg: a Fraternal Appeal to Methodist Ministers, inviting them to consider the Relations of Methodism to the New Church.* By E. R. Keyes, Pastor of the first New Church Society in Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *Sermons.* By the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, Author of "Crumbs Swept Up," "The Abominations of Modern Society," &c. Delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

‡ *History of Medicine, from the Earliest Ages to the Commencement of the Nineteenth Century.* By Robley Dunglison, M.D., LL.D., late Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, &c. &c. Arranged and Edited by Richard J. Dunglison, M.D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

§ *The Land of the Veda: being Personal Reminiscences of India; its People, Castes, Things, and Fakirs; its Religions, Mythology, principal Monuments, Palaces, and Mausoleums; together with the Incidents of the Great Sepoy Rebellion, and its Results to Christianity and Civilization.* With a Map of India, and 42 Illustrations. Also, Statistical Tables of Christian Missions, and a Glossary of Indian Terms used in this Work and in Missionary Correspondence. By Rev. William Butler, D.D. Third Edition. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. San Francisco: E. Thomas. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

* *An Ecclesiastical History, from the First to the Thirteenth Century.* By the Rev. C. N. Butler, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Divinity School of the Protestant Episcopal Church, West Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1868.

† *A Church History of the First Seven Centuries to the Close of the Sixth General Council.* By Milo Mahan, D.D., some time of St. Mark's-in-the-Bowery, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary, New York. New York: Pott, Young, & Co. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1872.

Two scientific treatises of a somewhat narrow and special interest lie on our table; an essay on the action and use of the bromides of potassium and ammonium*, chiefly in nervous and brain disorders, with a variety of instances of its operation, which will be more interesting to medical students than to the general public; and a volume of *Lectures on Mineralogy*†, which seem to stand greatly in need of editing and digesting. They are, in fact, little better than the rough notes and materials of lectures, but may serve as a sort of dictionary of minerals and mineralogical formulæ.

The Population Tables of the Census of 1870 ‡ call for no detailed notice. The only facts they bring to light are these; that the population of many of the Southern States had during the past decade remained nearly stationary, or increased at an exceptionally slow rate, the gradual recovery since 1865 not having done more than repair the havoc of war; that the chief increase of population has taken place in Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, California, Missouri, Iowa, and, above all, Minnesota and Kansas, the percentage in these States ranging from 50 to 250; that the great settled States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio continue to increase their population at more than a European rate, while that of New England makes little progress; and, finally, that the entire population of the Union has increased from thirty-one to thirty-eight millions, of whom one-third are to be found in the four largest States—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois.

Among school books, the only one that deserves mention is the commencement of a *Kinder-Garten* series §, illustrating the system of object lessons by a great variety of geometrical figures and combinations of the simplest kind, intended to be worked out with wooden blocks, thus converting a favourite amusement of children into a means of conveying elementary knowledge. Such things well deserve attention, if children under seven are really to be swept up by wholesale into our primary schools.

Of poetry, for once, we have not a line. Of fictions we have several, among which *Six of One by Half-a-Dozen of the Other* || is a literary *tour de force*—a tale of three couples of school lovers traced to their ultimate fortunes by the united efforts of six authors of more or less repute; a publisher's crotchet to which we wonder that writers of credit should have lent their names. *Fernando de Lemos* ¶ is a story of adventure, somewhat after Mr. James's type, the hero of which finds himself engaged in the Carlist war, though not a Spaniard; and though a Southerner, is not engaged in the War of Secession. *Aytoun* ** is a "romance" such as abounds on every railway bookstall. Something of the same sort are *Choisy* †† and *Kate Beaumont* ‡‡—the latter of which, thanks to its "illustrations," has at any rate afforded us one hearty laugh.

* *The Physiological and Therapeutical Action of the Bromide of Potassium and Bromide of Ammonium*. In Two Parts. By Edward H. Clarke, M.D., and Robert Amory, M.D. Boston: James Campbell. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *Lectures on Mineralogy*. Delivered at the School of Mines, Columbia College. "Descriptive Mineralogy." By T. Egleston, Professor of Mineralogy and Metallurgy, School of Mines, Columbia College. With 34 Lithographic Plates. New York: D. Van Nostrand. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

‡ *Ninth Census of the United States; Statistics of Population. Tables I. to VIII. inclusive*. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

§ *The Paradise of Childhood: a Manual for Self-Instruction in Friedrich Froebel's Educational Principles; and a Practical Guide to Kinder-Gartens*. By Edward Wiebé. With 74 plates of Illustrations. Springfield, Mass.: Bradley & Co.

|| *Six of One by Half-a-Dozen of the Other: an Every-day Novel*. By Harriet Beecher Stowe, Adeline D. T. Whitney, Lucretia P. Hale, Frederic W. Loring, Frederic B. Perkins, Edward E. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

¶ *Fernando de Lemos: Truth and Fiction. A Novel*. By Charles Gayarré, Author of "The History of Louisiana," "Philip II. of Spain," "The School for Politics," &c. &c. New York: Carleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

** *Aytoun. A Romance*. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

†† *Choisy. A Novel*. By James P. Story. Boston: Osgood & Co. late Ticknor & Fields, & Fields, Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡‡ *Kate Beaumont*. By J. W. De Forest. With Illustrations. Boston: Osgood & Co, late Ticknor & Fields, & Fields, Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

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